HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXIII.—No. 1705.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24. 1889.

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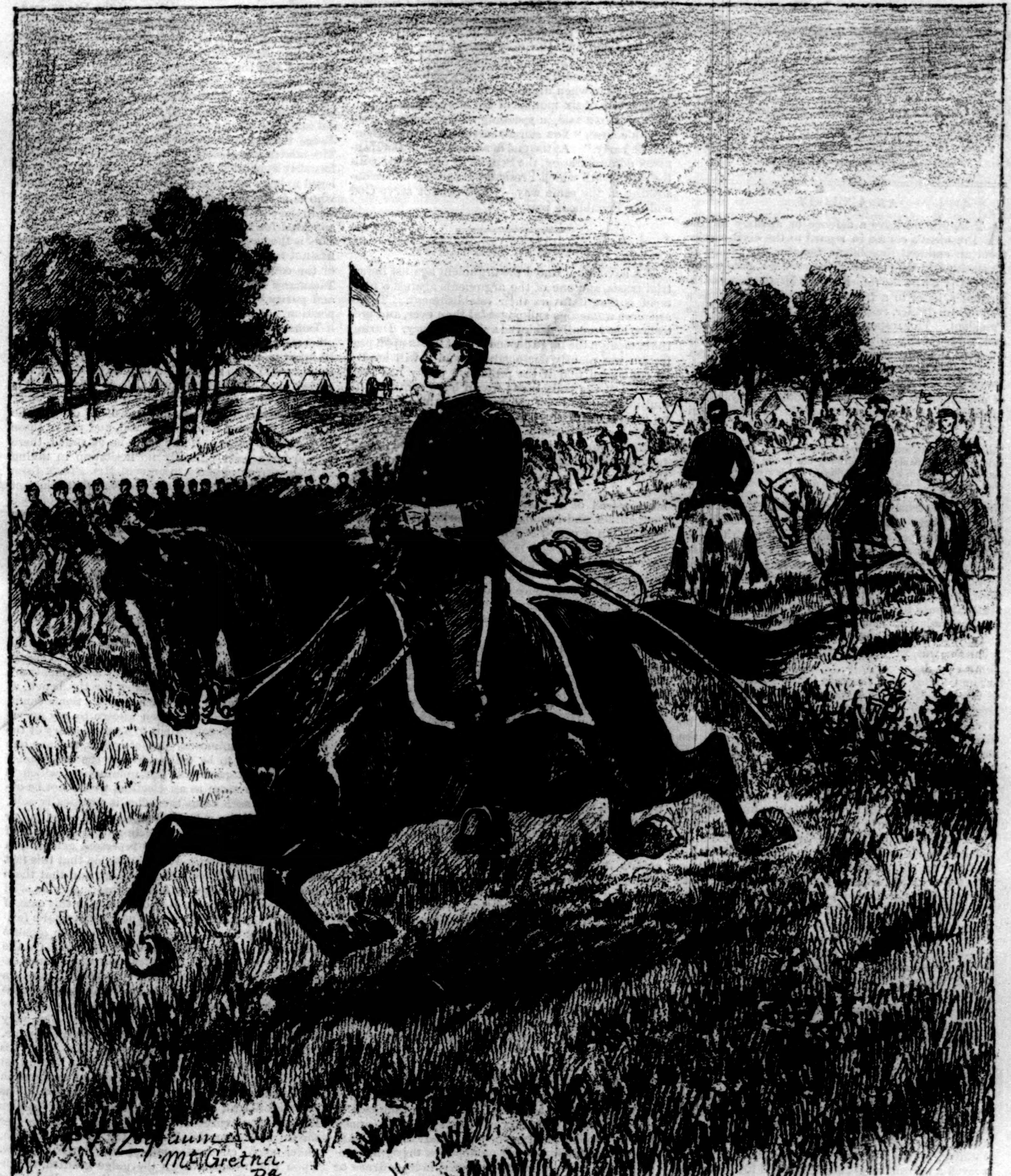

UNITED STATES CAVALRY AT CAMP SHERIDAN, PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 691.]

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Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

No. 1705.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

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AN APOLOGY.

At length we have a defence or apology for the President's course in regard to the civil service from an eminent Republican Senator, Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, who is one of the very few public men who really desire the reform. Mr. Hoar has recently written a letter to a friend who had held him, as a Republican leader, responsible for the course of the President. This responsibility the Senator disclaims, and undoubtedly with justice. His responsibility concerns the defence which he offers for that course. In alluding to changes in the consular service, Mr. Hoar says that he approves entirely the appointment of protectionists, because "in a thousand ways a free-trader may injure the public service in such a position." "I thought, however," he adds,

> "that Mr. Underwood, who is an eminent scholar, a man of great industry, and capable of performing the public duty, whatever may be his opinion as to the policy of the law under which the duty arises, would be an exception to this principle."

Now what is true in this way of Consul Underwood is true of every other consul. If great industry and a capacity for performing consular duty, without regard to his views of protection, justify the retention of Consul Underwood, they equally justify the retention of every other consul of similar qualifications, and Senator Hoar's statement would justify removals only for the lack of those qualities, and not for free-trade opinions. If such opinions are a disqualification, they disqualify Mr. Underwood, whose retention was, we believe, recommended by Senator Hoar.

The Senator then proceeds to the general defence of the President. He says in substance that a very large majority of the American people hold to what is called the spoils system, but that although he thinks that under that system, if administered by the Republican party, the great body of public agents would be faithful, honest, and able, yet he disapproves it because of its corrupting tendency. He states that he believes President Harrison agrees with him, but that the President labors under embarrassments. The only way in which the Senator can know the views of the majority of the people upon any question is by the result of an election. He holds that the country approves the protective policy because it supported a party which declared for it, and elected a President who professed faith in it. But the same party declared for civil service reform, and the same President professed faith in it. The party which nominated him not only declared its fidelity to reform, but pledged itself to keep its pledges to enforce and extend it, and the candidate strongly reiterated them. If there be any relation between party professions and the result of an election, the country in electing Mr. Harrison declared for reform in the civil service as well as for protection. However, assuming that this is untrue, Mr. Hoar says that the President cannot alone maintain a policy which the majority of the people do not approve, and can go only as fast as public opinion will permit. But when this precise defence was made for Mr. Cleveland, whose party had made no professions upon the subject and given no pledges, like Mr. Hoar's party, and which might therefore plausibly say that the country, in Mr. Cleveland's election, had not approved a reform course, Mr. Hoar and his fellow-partisans denounced President Cleveland, who made very much less change in the civil service than President Harrison has made, as a hypocrite, a charlatan, a humbug, and a fraud, and the very defence and apology which Mr. Hoar now offers for President Harrison was treated by him and his friends when offered for President Cleveland as a miserably feeble and futile effort to shield a contemptible impostor.

Senator Hoar's denunciations have come home. But, apparently not aware of it, in the very act of apologizing for President Harrison's devastation of the civil service as due to a pressure which he cannot be reasonably expected to resist, the Senator seriously describes President Cleveland's efforts at reform as "a mere and shallow pretence," and strives to excuse the frank contempt of the Post-office Department for the party professions and pledges by saying that eighty per cent. of the Cleveland appointments to the postal-car service were bar-tenders. Mr. Hoar's apology ends by saying that when he sees any cause for believing that the President has intentionally broken his pledges, he will not hesitate to say so emphatically. The conclusive reply to this remark, and to the whole apology that he offers, is that President Cleveland's want of consistent fidelity to his pledges was held by Mr. Hoar to prove him to be a hypocrite and humbug, and the only reason that Mr. Hoar now urges why the same epithets should not be applied to President Harrison is one which he spurned as despicable when urged for President Cleveland. At the close of six months of the late administration, Senator Hoar said, in speaking of President Cleveland's course, "You cannot serve God and the Democratic party." At the end of six months of the Harrison administration, the Senator is confronted with the same truth which President Harrison is demonstrating in the same way—"You cannot serve God and the Republican party."

TRUSTS AND THE TARIFF.

We have often stated the argument against industrial trusts, and one of the arguments against a high tariff is that it favors their establishment. Trusts are more numerous and powerful than ever, and protection has recently achieved a signal victory. During the campaign the large dependence of trusts upon protection was plainly demonstrated, and it will hardly be contended that if the protective policy had been defeated at the polls, trusts would have continued to multiply, except upon the belief that there would be no serious disturbance of the tariff. The relation of a high tariff to trusts is evident and simple. A high tariff discourages importations of protected manufactures. Such discouragement is supposed to secure the home market. If, then, the existing domestic producers of protected manufactures can agree to combine instead of compete, they can destroy domestic competition, and command the market at their own prices. In a period of tendency to the aggregation of capital this result is quite sure, as experience proves, to follow a high tariff. Such a tariff is expressly designed to secure a domestic monopoly. But that monopoly, once established, will by its own law tend to its own aggrandizement. Defended from foreign competition, it will strike at the domestic competition which remains.

This is the actual situation, and it has naturally alarmed some of the warmest friends of a high tariff, who see plainly the dangers of trusts. They see that they destroy the fundamental argument for a high protective policy, which is that it tends to diversify industries, and that diversified domestic industries are indispensable to a great nation. Consequently, even if a high tariff inevitably enhances the price of articles which it excludes from importation, the increase should be patriotically borne for a time, because the increase of production and the free and fair competition of domestic industries for the domestic market will presently diversify industries and lessen prices. This is the great argument of a high protective policy. But the natural development of that policy discredits it. This is denied by some of its ardent friends. But it is obvious. The very fact of the rapid rise of trusts illustrates it. Undoubtedly a wise and humane view of a high tariff regards it not as a device of taxing the many for the few, but as a national benefit. It is a theory that a nation may well pay a high price for its industrial independence of the rest of the world, and that patriotism should persuade its citizens to pay, at least for a time, higher prices for certain commodities than other nations pay, in order to secure the immense advantages of industrial independence. This is the most engaging, because not wholly a mercenary, argument for a high tariff.

But it is sentimental, not practical. In practice, just in the degree that a high tariff tends to secure that independence, the independence is abused to the selfish interests of a class. The abuse is expressed in the word trusts. Are they patriotic? Are they formed for the public benefit or for private advantage? Are the prices which, like all monopolies, they can command, the price of greater national independence or a tribute paid to monopolists? Yet are they not in this country the simple, natural, and inevitable result of the industrial situation produced by a high tariff? Is it supposed that except for such a tariff they would be generally organized? The natural corrective is foreign competition. If it be argued that such competition would merely tend to international trusts with the same ends in view, that is only to say that the evil would become so vast that it would be prohibited as against public policy. Laws to prevent combinations to raise prices are proper and familiar. But the discussion of the subject of trusts will inevitably deepen the conviction that a high tariff, by its necessary results, produces the effects of such a combination.

THE FLACK CASE.

The recent failure of the "boodle" trials and the demonstration that there is apparently no remedy in the courts for the most flagrant and dangerous corruption of municipal power, the delay of months in the trial of "Silver Dollar" Smith for bribing voters, and the refusal of a justice to issue a warrant for his arrest for a personal assault at a political meeting, and the extraordinary revelations of the Flack case, apparently incriminating judges and officers of one of the highest courts, recall the days of Barnard, Cardozo, and McCunn, when the Tweed oligarchy was supreme, and the foundations of civilized social order were threatened. The case of Sheriff Flack is now familiar, and it is extraordinary. Mrs. Flack alleges that she was divorced from her husband without her knowledge and consent, by a decree signed by Judge Bookstaver, of the Court of Common Pleas. The referee was a clerk in the County Clerk's office, formerly appointed by Mr. Flack. The decree is alleged to have been secreted by the clerk of the court, who is a friend of Mr. Flack. Mr. Flack's counsel in the case was a civil justice, and the lawyer who appeared for Mrs. Flack was not authorized by her. This is the case as alleged, and a more startling one has not been recently known. Mr. Flack is sheriff of the county, and he is also the Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall. With tender regard for the honor and purity of that organization, he has resigned his position "until such time as a trial can be had." But if Tammany suffers from the accusation of one of its officers, the community suffers no less, and may fairly ask the resignation of the shrievalty. If it be thought that such resignation implies confession, it is no less true of the resignation already offered. It is a subject of public congratulation that Mrs. Flack, before she could be silenced, placed her case in the hands of the most eminent counsel, and not in those of Tombs shysters. If the facts be as stated, there would have been probably no hesitation in taking any measures necessary to prevent Mrs. Flack from reopening the case. As now stated, it is a flagrant conspiracy against the most sacred relations of society, involving the reputation of trusted officers and public confidence in the courts of law. It is startling that men in high and honorable positions, and supposed to be quite beyond suspicion of any malfeasance, should be suddenly exposed as conspirators against social order. In the present case no adequate motive is perceptible, unless it be the greed of money or fear of loss of place or power.

One thing, however, is worthy of attention. Judicial, like other nominations in this city, are made by small cliques, and are given in a way to secure the advantage of the clique. Heavy assessments are levied by it even upon candidates for the bench, as well as for executive and other offices. Some candidates for the bench have been known to pay an assessment of a sum equivalent to a year's salary of the office. The nomination goes, of course, to some one who is known to be willing to pay the assessment. Without such payment, the nomination, which is generally the same as an election, would not be obtained. In such cases the office is practically sold. The same practice is true of the clerkships and minor places which depend upon election or the pleasure of the appointing power. They represent generally a money consideration. It is impossible that this fact should not taint them with suspicion, and that there should not be an uneasy feeling that justice as well as the seat of the judge may be sold. In this case of Flack, for instance, there was no instant public feeling that such an accusation must be untrue because it involved the honor of officers of the law. On the contrary, the truth of the allegation was at once assumed. This shows the actual situation. There is a lurking distrust of a judiciary built upon such foundations. A very eminent lawyer in the city of New York once said to a friend who asked him why he sent his wine at a public table to a notorious judge, "Because no lawyer knows before what judge his case may come." The bench has been somewhat purged since that day. But the instant assumption of the substantial truth of the Flack accusation is very significant, and it is not surprising that Judge Bookstaver expressed a strong desire that the case should be reopened. That is the instinctive wish, under such circumstances, of an upright judge. Upon the hearing, which the judge granted, the divorce proceedings were peremptorily annulled. But the conspiracy remains to be exposed, and the guilty agents to be made known. That so serious and flagrant a crime could be committed in one of our chief courts is a fact which tends to impair confidence in all courts, and the whole truth must now be told.

MAGNIFICENT LEADERSHIP.

The late Pennsylvania Republican Convention was notable chiefly for its adulation of Senator Quay of that State, who was chairman of the Republican National Committee during the last campaign. When the president of the Convention referred in his speech "to Chairman Quay's magnificent leadership," there was "long-continued applause." Then followed the reading of the platform, which rejoiced greatly in the victory of 1888, "first, because it was fought and won under Pennsylvania leadership and upon a Pennsylvania platform"; and again, more distinctly and amply, it declared that "the thanks of the Republicans of the commonwealth are due and hereby tendered to Matthew S. Quay for the honorable and masterful way in which he conducted that campaign." What was this "magnificent" and "honorable" and "masterful" leadership? Lincoln, Sumner, Seward, and Andrew were Republican leaders. They were men of the highest ability, who with noble eloquence taught the country Republican principles, who maintained by resistless argument Republican policy, and by their personal character won the enthusiastic confidence of the whole party and the respect of their opponents. Mr. Quay is totally unknown as a leader in any such sense of the word. His reputation is wholly that of a party boss. He is a magnificent and masterful leader like ex-Senator Dorsey and Mr. Thomas Platt, or like the elder Cameron, whom the Pennsylvania platform eulogizes with Mr. Tanner and Mr. Quay.

Mr. Dorsey's magnificent and masterful leadership carried elections by "soap," Mr. Quay's by marshalling floaters in blocks of five. Mr. Quay was known to the country before the last campaign solely by the strong denunciation of Republican journals. A few years ago, according to the Philadelphia *Press*, in the case of attempted bribery of members of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, Mr. Quay, being then Secretary of the Commonwealth, "connived at crime by setting the criminals free in defiance of the constitution and the law." When he was trying to secure a nomination as State Treasurer, the *Press* asked how this story, told upon every Democratic stump, was to be met. "Mr. Quay's nomination," it said, "would raise questions and involve risks which would imperil the result of the canvass." And again, hinting at his connection with irregularities which it charged in the management of the Treasury, it said:

> "What is still more important, such a campaign would inevitably lift the lid from the administration of the Treasury itself, and uncover secrets before which Republicans would stand dumb."

The New York *Tribune*, alluding to these things and the conduct of Mr. Quay, said:

> "A more insolent defiance of public sentiment has not been seen since Tweed asked the tax-payers of New York what they were going to do about it."

This was Mr. Quay's "magnificent" and "honorable" and "masterful" leadership in his own State as estimated by Republican journals. What was it last year in the country? Did it lie in his eloquence or his argument? Was it the leadership of intellect or character or personal enthusiasm? No; it was of another kind. The *Voice* has shown that Mr. Clarkson, the present First Assistant Postmaster-General, who was vice-president under Mr. Quay of the Republican National Committee, bribed two of the clerks of the *Voice* to furnish its mail lists to the Republican committee. That Mr. Quay was ignorant of the transaction will be believed by those who believe that Mr. Dorsey knew nothing of the "soap" sent to Indiana, and Mr. Dudley nothing of "floaters in blocks of five," or of "a trusted man with necessary funds in charge" of them. Mr. Quay's leadership was illustrated also in the enormous sum of money raised by Mr. Wanamaker and devoted to the final expenses of the campaign. Probably there is not a single person in the country who is competent to have an opinion upon the subject who believes that all this money was legitimately used by Mr. Quay. There has never been any accounting of its use, and there never will be. Undoubtedly it went to meet Mr. Dorsey's "soap." But however it may have been used, Mr. Quay's candidate was elected by "magnificent" and "honorable" leadership of this kind. This is the leader who is now the Republican hero of Pennsylvania. His conduct, which the Philadelphia *Press* and the New York *Tribune* have described as we have seen, is praised with an enthusiasm of acclamation to which there seems to have been no dissent. It is also announced that he is to be urged by Pennsylvania as its candidate for the Presidency. Should the movement succeed, we may expect Mr. Dorsey to be associated with him as Vice-President, and in the event of their election, probably Mr. Platt would not be again disappointed in securing the Treasury; nor could Mr. Dudley's equally magnificent and honorable services be overlooked.

THE MAYBRICK TRIAL.

The public surprise in England at the conviction of Mrs. Maybrick upon the testimony at the trial was significant, because there could be no reason for especial popular interest in the prisoner. Those who read the evidence at the inquest were certainly not prepossessed toward the supposed murderer, and the feeling evinced at the final verdict indicated a regard for justice according to law which was hardly to be expected. Trial by newspaper, or the street, or the barber's shop or bar-room, is certainly not better than trial by courts of law. But in this day of universal publicity, when the evidence and the arguments in important trials are reported and widely read, a popular impression is unavoidable.

It may be assumed that this impression is not generally incorrect, and undoubtedly the consciousness of an alert and intelligent public attention is one of the best guarantees of an honest administration of justice. Trial by newspaper, to which Mr. Flack objects, may be easily abused, and degenerate into mere clamor, with the effect of coercion, as by a mob. But this evil does not offset the immense advantage of the complete publicity of the facts in important cases which the press supplies. It was the newspapers which really compelled the "boodle" trials, and the public, although morally confident of the guilt of the Aldermen, has seen that, as the trials were conducted, and upon the testimony, conviction was impracticable, and it has acquiesced in the failure. Public interest and sensitiveness in regard to trials are not to be regretted. If there had been a free press and a public opinion to attend Jeffreys, the bloody circuit would not have been ridden, and a black chapter in English history would have been unwritten.

The English practice, in which, under the form of summing up, the judge appears as counsel, is very foreign to the American sense of fitness and justice. That the arguments for the prosecution and the defence should be made by proper counsel, and that the judges should summarize their arguments and state the law, is much more satisfactory than that he should sit virtually as a juryman, answer the arguments of the counsel with whom he disagrees, and urge upon the jury, with all the necessary prestige of his position, the conclusion which he has reached.

THE INDIAN SCHOOL SERVICE.

The new Indian Commissioner, General Morgan, is apparently disposed to manage his department with strict regard to the pledges under which the administration came into power. Those who have the deepest interest and the largest experience in the care of the Indians are of opinion that in no branch of the government would adherence to sound business principles and common-sense be more serviceable than in the Indian Department. That this is happily the view of the Commissioner is shown by the following letter addressed to an applicant for appointment as teacher in the Indian school service:

> "It is the purpose of the office to appoint no person as a teacher in the Indian school service who would not be able to secure a similar position in the best schools for white children in the community in which he resides. Indeed, the exigencies of Indian schools are such as to require really a higher order of talent to secure success than is required in ordinary teaching. Emphasis is laid upon the fact that those who are engaged in the Indian school service should be persons of maturity, of vigorous health, with some experience in teaching, and with special fitness for the work. Preference is expressed for those who have had a normal-school training. It is very undesirable that persons should enter the service who, by reason of ill health, or age, or other infirmities, are unable to do full, vigorous work."

No removals have been made among Indian school employés for political or sectarian reasons, and the appointment of Mr. Charles Francis Meserve, of Springfield, Massachusetts, as superintendent of the Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Kansas, secures to the service a man admirably qualified for its duties.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

There has never been any intimate relation between the United States and the South American states. In the time of Bolivar, and during the revolt against Spanish domination, there was a romantic and sentimental sympathy in this country, stimulated by the eloquence of Henry Clay and other orators; but it was evanescent, and the national habit has been a contemptuous feeling for those states as half-civilized parodies of republics. Difference of race, of civilization, of language, of religion and traditions, has prevented any close union based upon continental neighborhood; and the Panama Congress sixty years ago was a futile scheme, although undoubtedly the practical union of the United States and England in their recognition of the South American republics had a decided effect upon the Holy Alliance.

Our interest in those states is now commercial rather than political, and sentiment will hereafter play a minor part. Congress has authorized a conference of the American states to assemble in Washington in October. It was proposed by Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State in 1881, but the scheme was not approved by the Arthur administration. Its purpose, as stated in the joint resolution of Congress, is

> "the adoption of uniform patent and copyright laws; the establishment of regular and frequent communication between the different countries participating in the conference; the selection of a plan of settling international disputes; the adoption of a uniform silver coinage, and of a uniform standard of weights and measures; the adoption of a uniform standard of customs and tariff duties."

The last proposition is that of reciprocal commercial relations among the Northern, Southern, and Central American states, which is, of course, the central proposition. This, as the Philadelphia *Telegraph* well says, is a question for the manufacturers who now control our government. It would be undoubtedly advantageous to exchange equally our manufactures for the raw materials of our South American neighbors. But Mr. Clark, a representative of the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, says: "The South Americans, like other people, will buy where they can get the lowest prices, and they cannot get them here." If this should prove to forecast the policy of the manufacturing interest in this country, the conference would be doubtless pleasant for the delegates, but the practical result would be that of the Congress of Panama.

RACE FEELING.

The disturbance in Atlanta in regard to the appointment of a colored clerk in the post-office shows not only the feeling against the negro, but also the existence of a sound conservative sentiment, which must be the reliance of the Southern communities for the adjustment of all such outbreaks, and for the moderation of the feeling from which they spring. The newly appointed postmaster was obliged to fill two vacant clerkships, and to fill them according to law. His choice was limited to two persons, one of whom was white and the other colored. In deference to the prevailing prejudice against the negro, he decided to place the white clerk at a desk where he would be in frequent contact with the public, and the colored clerk at a desk more retired from public view.

It was alleged that this desk was next to that of a white woman, who immediately resigned, it was said, in consequence of her colored neighbor. But the postmaster says—and there is no reason to doubt—that the desk of the colored clerk was in another and adjoining room, but separated by a wall. Nevertheless the incident produced great excitement, and the postmaster and a prominent Republican politician were hung in effigy. In the disturbance a colored offender was shot by a white policeman, and a race conflict was apparently imminent, which was averted by the good sense of Governor Gordon and other sensible citizens. This interference, together with the fact that a woman of excellent character and standing immediately accepted the clerkship which the other woman had resigned, shows that the better sentiment of the Southern community perceives the danger of acquiescing in disorders arising from race prejudice.

Such excitement over the employment of a colored clerk reveals a situation which involves one of the most serious of public questions. It is not to be paralleled by the prejudice against negroes in States where they are few, and it must be dealt with by local courage. It is unfair to generalize against the whole Southern community from such an incident. Those who are disposed to think that no negro can expect fair-play in any of the Southern States may well ponder the fact that John Yeldell, the colored clergyman who was recently taken from Pennsylvania to South Carolina to be tried on a charge of murder, was vigilantly protected by white citizens, upon his acquittal, against a threatened attack from friends of the murdered man, and he left safely by a special train on his return to Pennsylvania. If it be said that an attack upon a person legally acquitted of crime does not argue very advanced civilization, it is none the less plain that the facts of Yeldell's trial and departure show the successful determination of good citizens of South Carolina that a colored man under such circumstances shall be treated as fairly as in Pennsylvania or Massachusetts.

PERSONAL.

An active life and a successful career were ended by the death of James R. Doolittle, Jun., at Chicago, August 8th. Mr. Doolittle was born in Warsaw, New York, April 2, 1845, and spent his early life there. After graduation with honors from Rochester University and the Cambridge law school he began practice in this city, but in a short time moved to Chicago, and entered into partnership with his father, ex-Senator Doolittle. There he early developed the elements of success, winning prominence in his profession, and later on doing effective service as a member of the city Board of Education. His mind was broad and his sense of honor high, and an unusually bright future seemed to be his, when disease, brought on by overwork, closed his life.

—One of the two men who set the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, in preparation for the more elaborate ceremony of laying it, which was performed by Lafayette, was William N. Gardiner, who now lives at East Milton, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-six years. Mr. Gardiner was at the time a young stone-mason in the employ of Gridley Bryant, who helped set the stone. His recollections of the event are interesting, and he tells how Lafayette, after performing his part, declined to take a seat among the dignitaries of the occasion, but sat with the veterans, saying he belonged there. Mr. Gardiner worked quite steadily at his trade until up to the last two years.

—Ex-Governor P. B. S. Pinchback, of Louisiana, once one of the most powerful political factors in this country, and now a member of the Republican National Committee, is a professional patron of the turf. He follows the principal races throughout the different States, enjoys the excitement, and picks up considerable money by betting.

—Rev. W. J. Jones, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Jamaica, Long Island, recently received his mother, who is over eighty years old, into his church by baptism.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward has established a fisherman's reading-room at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and is doing other kind work among her old friends there.

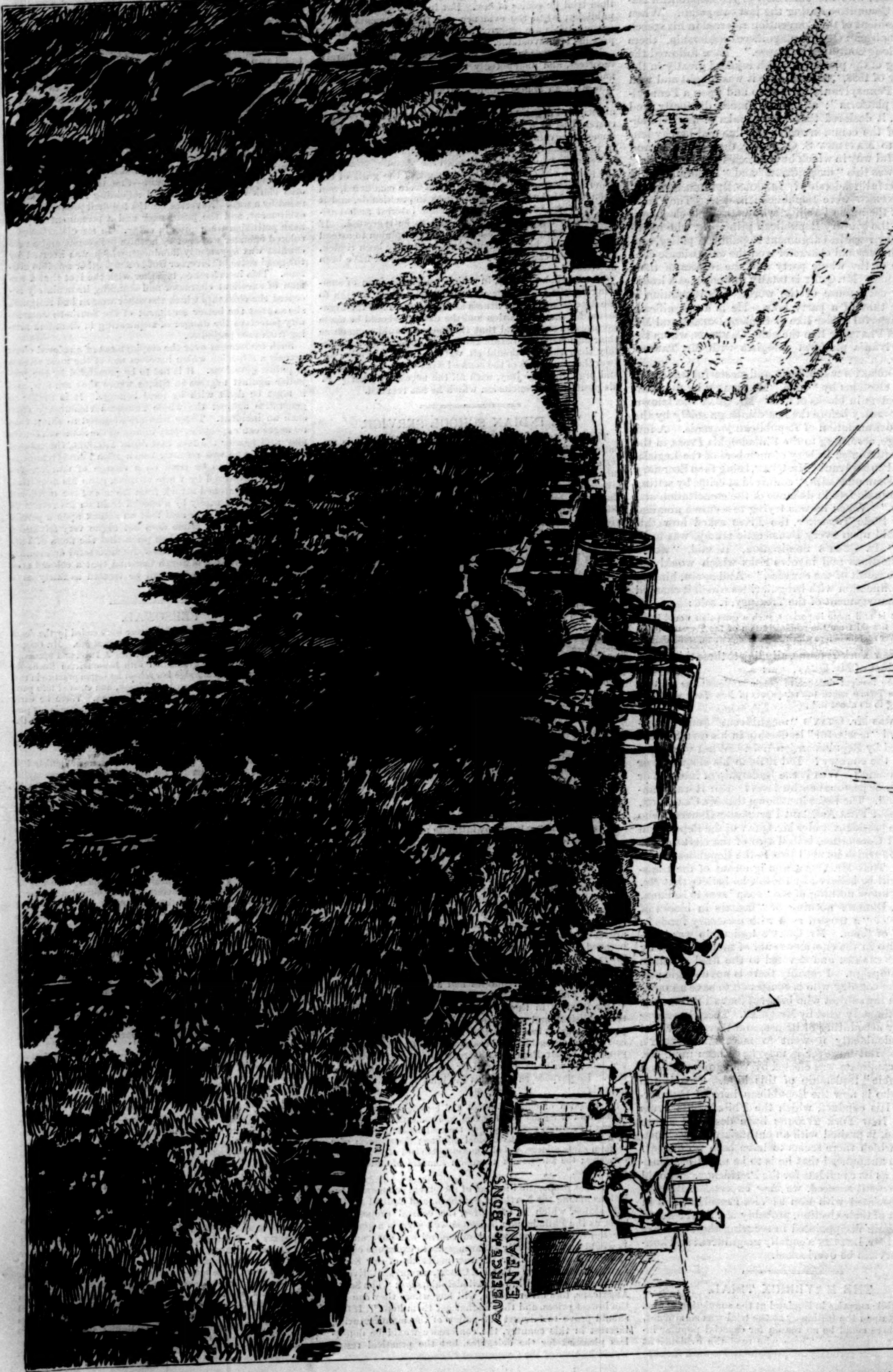
—Among the well-known figures at Saratoga is Judge Henry L. Clinton, of this city, once an active lawyer, but now retired. He claims to have defended and saved one hundred persons from the gallows.

—Miss Yda Addis, the discoverer of the place of manufacture of the iridescent Mexican pottery, and of the process by which it is made (described in the Harper's Monthly for August), is a well-known newspaper writer on the Pacific coast, is a good Spanish scholar, and has spent several years in Mexico. She is living now in Chihuahua.

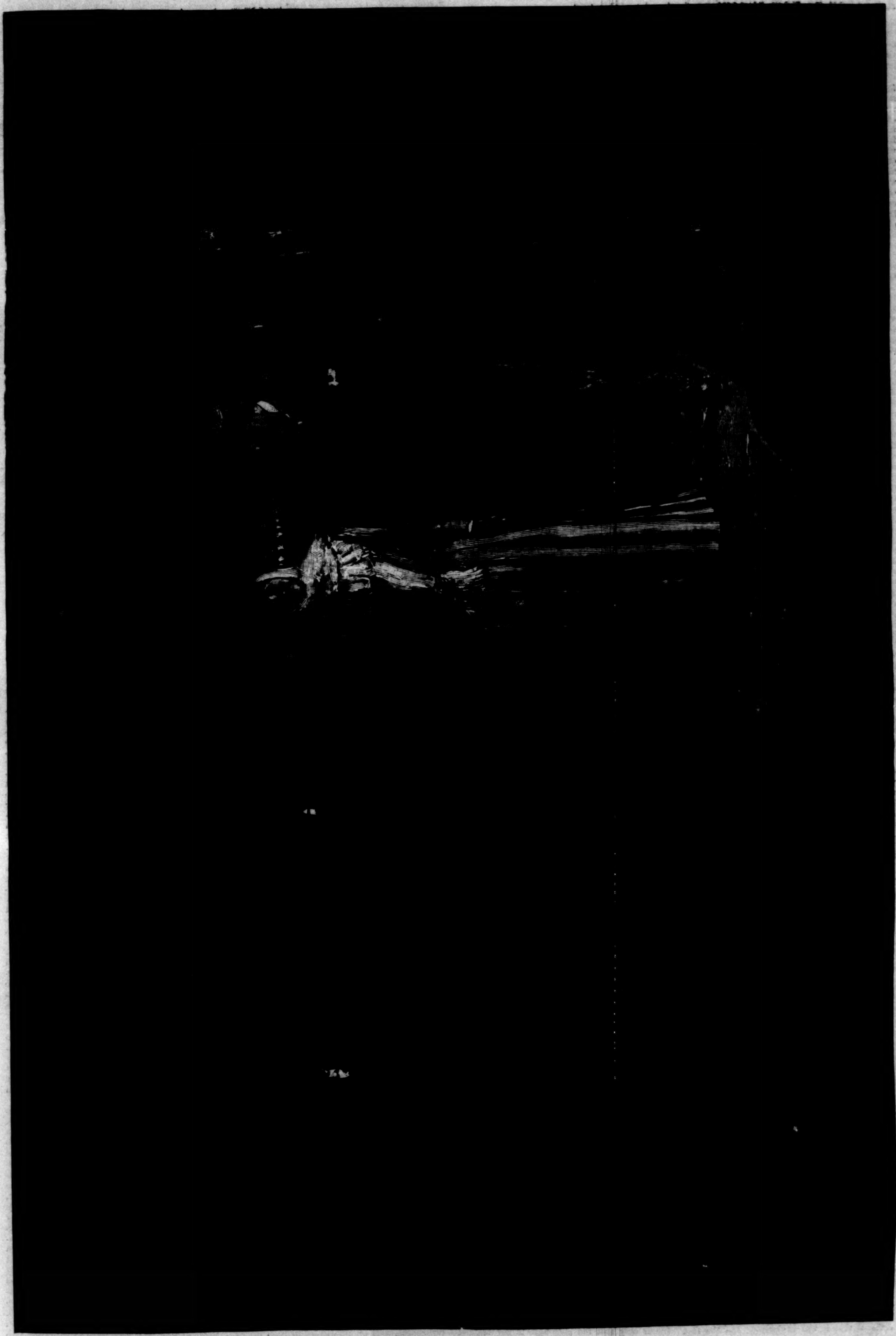
—The many who have enjoyed the writings of Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke will regret to learn that in these later days of her life she is an almost confirmed invalid. She is confined to her home at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and suffers much pain from rheumatic troubles.

—William K. Vanderbilt is soon to build an elaborate cottage on property which he bought at Newport some time ago for $300,000. It will, in fact, be a marble palace, and although only two stories high, will in other dimensions and general splendor be the finest and costliest residence along the shore. The grounds are extensive, and command a fine view of the ocean.

—Albert G. Thompson, steward of the Fifth Avenue Hotel since its opening thirty years ago, has just died at his summer home in New Hampshire. His genial manners and enormously long white beard made him a well-known figure, and all the famous men who visited the hotel were his acquaintances. Years ago he drove a stage-coach in New Hampshire, and when railroads absorbed the business of the stage lines, like many another old whip, he became a hotel-keeper. Paran Stevens found him while he was pursuing his business in Boston, and engaged him for the Fifth Avenue. One of Mr. Thompson's self-imposed duties was that of rising at five o'clock in the morning, and it is said that he was late but once in the thirty years of his service.


AUBERGE des BONS ENFANTS

A FRENCH HIGH-ROAD.—Drawn by Joseph Pennell.—[See Page 683.]



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT.—Drawn by William T. Smedley.—[See Page 687.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FOURTH.

II.

The Marches had no longer the gross appetite for novelty which urges youth to a surfeit of strange scenes, experiences, ideas; and makes travel, with all its annoyances and fatigues, an inexhaustible delight. But there is no doubt that the chief pleasure of their life in New York was from its quality of foreignness: the flavor of olives, which, once tasted, can never be forgotten. The olives may not be of the first excellence; they may be a little stale, and small and poor, to begin with, but they are still olives, and the fond palate craves them. The sort which grew in New York, on lower Sixth Avenue and in the region of Jefferson Market and on the soft exposures south of Washington Square, were none the less acceptable because they were of the commonest Italian variety.

The Marches spent a good deal of time and money in a grocery of that nationality, where they found all the patriotic comestibles and potables, and renewed their faded Italian with the friendly family in charge. Italian *table d'hôtes* formed the adventure of the week, on the day when Mrs. March let her domestics go out, and went herself to dine abroad with her husband and children; and they became adept in the restaurants where they were served, and which they varied almost from dinner to dinner. The perfect decorum of these places, and their immunity from offence in any, emboldened the Marches to experiment in Spanish restaurants, where red pepper and beans insisted in every dinner, and where once they chanced upon a night of *olla podrida*, with such appeals to March's memory of a boyish ambition to taste the dish that he became poetic and then pensive over its cabbage and carrots, peas and bacon. For a rare combination of international motives they prized most the *table d'hôte* of a French lady, who had taken a Spanish husband in a second marriage, and had a Cuban negro for her cook, with a cross-eyed Alsacian for waiter, and a slim young South American for cashier. March held that something of the catholic character of these relations expressed itself in the generous and tolerant variety of the dinner, which was singularly abundant for fifty cents, without wine. At one very neat French place he got a dinner at the same price with wine, but it was not so abundant; and March inquired in fruitless speculation why the *table d'hôte* of the Italians, a notoriously frugal and abstemious people, should be usually more than you wanted at seventy-five cents and a dollar, and that of the French rather less for half a dollar. He could not see that the frequenters were greatly different at the different places; they were mostly Americans, of subdued manners and conjecturably subdued fortunes, with here and there a table full of foreigners. There was no noise and not much smoking anywhere; March liked going to that neat French place because there Madame sat enthroned and high behind a *comptoir* at one side of the room, and everybody saluted her in going out. It was there that a gentle-looking young couple used to dine, in whom the Marches became effectlessly interested because they thought they looked like that when they were young. The wife had an æsthetic dress, and defined her pretty head by wearing her back hair pulled up very tight under her bonnet; the husband had dreamy eyes set wide apart under a pure forehead. "They are artists, August, I think," March suggested to the waiter whom he had vainly asked about them. "Oh, hartis, cedenly," August consented; but Heaven knows whether they were, or what they were: March never learned.

This immunity from acquaintance, this touch-and-go quality in their New York sojourn, this almost loss of individuality at times, after the intense identification of their Boston life, was a relief, though Mrs. March had her misgivings, and questioned whether it were not perhaps too relaxing to the moral fibre. March refused to explore his conscience; he allowed that it might be so; but he said he liked now and then to feel his personality in that state of solution. They went and sat a good deal in the softening evenings among the infants and dotards of Latin extraction in Washington Square, safe from all who ever knew them, and enjoyed the advancing season, which thickened the foliage of the trees and flattered out of sight the church-warden's gothic of the University Building. The infants were sometimes cross, and cried in their weary mothers' or little sisters' arms; but they did not disturb the dotards, who slept, some with their heads fallen forward, and some with their heads fallen back; March arbitrarily distinguished those with the drooping faces as tipsy and ashamed to confront the public. The small Italian children raced up and down the asphalt paths, playing American games of tag and hide-and-whoop; larger boys passed ball, in training for potential championships. The Marches sat and mused, or quarrelled fitfully about where they should spend the summer, like sparrows, he once said, till the electric lights began to show distinctly among the leaves, and they looked round and found the infants and dotards gone, and the benches filled with lovers. That was the signal for the Marches to go home. He said that the spectacle of so much courtship as the eye might take in there at a glance was not, perhaps, oppressive, but the thought that at the same hour the same thing was going on all over the country, wherever two young fools could get together, was more than he could bear; he did not deny that it was natural, and, in a measure, authorized, but he declared that it was hackneyed; and the fact that it must go on forever, as long as the race lasted, made him tired.

At home, generally, they found that the children had not missed them, and were perfectly safe. It was one of the advantages of a flat that they could leave the children there whenever they liked without anxiety. They liked better staying there than wandering about in the evening with their parents, whose excursions seemed to them somewhat aimless, and their pleasures insipid. They studied, or read, or looked out of the window at the street sights; and their mother always came back to them with a pang for their lonesomeness. Bella knew some little girls in the house, but in a ceremonious way; Tom had formed no friendships among the boys at school such as he had left in Boston; as nearly as he could explain, the New York fellows carried canes at an age when they would have had them broken for them by the other boys at Boston; and they were both sissyish and fast. It was probably prejudice; he never could say exactly what their demerits were, and neither he nor Bella was apparently so homesick as they pretended, though they answered inquirers, the one that New York was a hole, and the other that it was horrid, and that all they lived for was to get back to Boston. In the mean time they were thrown much upon each other for society, which March said was well for both of them; he did not mind their cultivating a little gloom and the sense of a common wrong; it made them better comrades, and it was providing them with amusing reminiscences for the future. They really enjoyed bohemianizing in that harmless way: though Tom had his doubts of its respectability; he was very punctilious about his sister, and went round from his own school every day to fetch her home from hers. The whole family went to the theatre a good deal, and enjoyed themselves together in their desultory explorations of the city.

They lived near Greenwich Village, and March liked strolling through its quaintness toward the water-side on a Sunday, when a hereditary Sabbatarianism kept his wife at home; he made her observe that it even kept her at home from church. He found a lingering quality of pure Americanism in the region, and he said the very bells called to worship in a nasal tone. He liked the streets of small brick houses, with here and there one painted red, and the mortar lines picked out in white, and with now and then a fine wooden portal of fluted pillars and a bowed transom. The rear of the tenement-houses showed him the picturesqueness of clothes-lines fluttering far aloft, as in Florence; and the new apartment-houses, breaking the old sky-line with their towering stories, implied a life as alien to the American manner as anything in continental Europe. In fact, foreign faces and foreign tongues prevailed in Greenwich Village, but no longer German or even Irish tongues or faces. The eyes and ear-rings of Italians twinkled in and out of the alleyways and basements, and they seemed to abound even in the streets, where long ranks of trucks drawn up in Sunday rest along the curbstones suggested the presence of a race of sturdier strength than theirs. March liked the swarthy, strange visages; he found nothing menacing for the future in them; for wickedness he had to satisfy himself as he could with the sneering, insolent, clean-shaven mug of some rare American of the b'hoy type, now almost as extinct in New York as the dodo or the volunteer fireman. When he had found his way, among the ash-barrels and the groups of decently dressed church-goers, to the docks, he experienced a sufficient excitement in the recent arrival of a French steamer, whose sheds were thronged with hacks and express wagons, and in a tacit inquiry into the emotions of the passengers, fresh from the cleanliness of Paris, and now driving up through the filth of those streets.

Some of the streets were filthier than others; there was at least a choice; there were boxes and barrels of kitchen offal on all the sidewalks, but not everywhere manure-heaps, and in some places the stench was mixed with the more savory smell of cooking. One Sunday morning, before the winter was quite gone, the sight of the frozen refuse melting in heaps, and particularly the loathsome edges of the rotting ice near the gutters, with the strata of waste paper and straw litter, and egg-shells and orange-peel, potato-skins, and cigar-stumps, made him unhappy. He gave a whimsical shrug for the squalor of the neighboring houses, and said to himself rather than the boy who was with him: "It's curious, isn't it, how fond the poor people are of these unpleasant thoroughfares? You always find them living in the worst streets."

"The burden of all the wrong in the world comes on the poor," said the boy. "Every sort of fraud and swindling hurts them the worst. The city wastes the money it's paid to clean the streets with, and the poor have to suffer, for they can't afford to pay twice, like the rich."

March stopped short. "Hallo, Tom! Is that *your* wisdom?"

"It's what Mr. Lindau says," answered the boy, doggedly, as if not pleased to have his ideas mocked at, even if they were second-hand.

"And you didn't tell him that the poor lived in dirty streets because they liked them, and were too lazy and worthless to have them cleaned?"

"No; I didn't."

"I'm surprised. What do you think of Lindau, generally speaking, Tom?"

"Well, sir, I don't like the way he talks about some things. I don't suppose this country *is* perfect, but I think it's about the best there is, and it don't do any good to look at its drawbacks all the time."

"Sound, my son," said March, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder and beginning to walk on. "Well?"

"Well, then, he says that it isn't the public frauds only that the poor have to pay for, but they have to pay for all the vices of the rich; that when a speculator fails, or a bank cashier defaults, or a firm suspends, or hard times come, it's the poor who have to give up necessaries where the rich give up luxuries."

"Well, well! And then?"

"Well, then I think the crank comes in, in Mr. Lindau. He says there's no need of failures or frauds or hard times. It's ridiculous. There always have been and there always will be. But if you tell him that, it seems to make him perfectly furious."

March repeated the substance of this talk to his wife. "I'm glad to know that Tom can see through such ravings. He has lots of good common-sense."

It was the afternoon of the same Sunday, and they were sauntering up Fifth Avenue, and admiring the wide old double houses at the lower end; at one corner they got a distinct pleasure out of the gnarled elbows that a pollarded wistaria leaned upon the top of a garden wall—for its convenience in looking into the street, he said. The line of these comfortable dwellings, once so fashionable, was continually broken by the façades of shops; and March professed himself vulgarized by a want of style in the people they met in their walk to Twenty-third Street.

"Take me somewhere to meet my fellow-exclusives, Isabel," he demanded. "I pine for the society of my peers."

He hailed a passing omnibus, and made his wife get on the roof with him. "Think of our doing such a thing in Boston!" she sighed, with a little shiver of satisfaction in her immunity from recognition and comment.

"You wouldn't be afraid to do it in London or Paris?"

"No; we should be strangers there—just as we are in New York. I wonder how long one could be a stranger here."

"Oh, indefinitely, in our way of living. The place is really vast, so much larger than it used to seem, and so heterogeneous."

When they got down, very far up town, and began to walk back by Madison Avenue, they found themselves in a different population from that they dwelt among; not heterogeneous at all; very homogeneous, and almost purely American; the only qualification was American Hebrew. Such a well-dressed, well-satisfied, well-fed looking crowd poured down the broad sidewalks before the handsome, stupid houses that March could easily pretend he had got among his fellow-plutocrats at last. Still, he expressed his doubts whether this Sunday afternoon parade, which seemed to be a thing of custom, represented the best form among the young people of that region; he wished he knew; he blamed himself for becoming of a fastidious conjecture; he could not deny the fashion and the richness and the indigeneity of the spectacle; the promenaders looked New-Yorky; they were the sort of people whom you would know for New-Yorkers elsewhere, so well appointed and so perfectly kept at all points. Their silk hats shone, and their boots; their frocks had the right distension behind, and their bonnets perfect poise and distinction.

The Marches talked of these and other facts of their appearance, and curiously questioned whether this were the best that a great material civilization could come to; it looked a little dull. The men's faces were shrewd and alert, and yet they looked dull; the women's were pretty and knowing, and yet dull. It was, probably, the holiday expression of the vast, prosperous, commercial class, with unlimited money, and no ideals that money could not realize; fashion and comfort were all that they desired to compass, and the culture that furnishes showily, that decorates and that tells; the culture, say, of plays and operas, rather than books.

Perhaps the observers did the promenaders injustice; they might not have been as common-minded as they looked. "But," March said, "I understand now why the poor people don't come up here and live in this clean, handsome, respectable quarter of the town; they would be bored to death. On the whole, I think I should prefer Mott Street myself."

In other walks the Marches tried to find some of the streets they had wandered through the first day of their wedding journey in New York, so long ago. They could not make sure of them; but once they ran down to the Battery, and easily made sure of that, though not in its old aspect. They recalled the hot morning, when they sauntered over the trodden weed that covered the sickly grass-plots there, and sentimentalized the sweltering paupers who had crept out of the squalid tenements about for a breath of air after a sleepless night. Now the paupers were gone, and where the old mansions that had fallen to their use once stood, there towered aloft and abroad those heights and masses of many-storied brick-work for which architecture has yet no proper form and æsthetics no name. The trees and shrubs, all in their young spring green, blew briskly over the guarded turf in the south wind that came up over the water; and in the well-paved alleys the ghosts of eighteenth-century fashion might have met each other in their old haunts, and exchanged stately congratulations upon its vastly bettered condition, and perhaps puzzled a little over the colossal lady on Bedlow's Island, with her lifted torch, and still more over the curving tracks and chalet-stations of the elevated road. It is an outlook of unrivalled beauty across the bay, that smokes and flashes with the innumerable stacks and sails of commerce to the hills beyond, where the moving forest of masts halts at the shore, and roots itself in the groves of the many-villaged uplands. The Marches paid the charming prospect a willing duty, and rejoiced in it as generously as if it had been their own. Perhaps it was, they decided. He said people owned more things in common than they were apt to think; and they drew the consolations of proprietorship from the excellent management of Castle Garden, which they penetrated for a moment's glimpse of the huge rotunda, where the emigrants first set foot on our continent. It warmed their hearts, so easily moved to any cheap sympathy, to see the friendly care the nation took of these humble guests; they found it even pathetic to hear the proper authority calling out the names of such as had kin or acquaintance waiting there to meet them. No one appeared troubled or anxious; the officials had a conscientious civility; the government seemed to manage their welcome as well as a private company or corporation could have done. In fact, it was after the simple strangers had left the government care that March feared their woes might begin; and he would have liked the government to follow each of them to his home, wherever he meant to fix it within our borders. He made note of the looks of the licensed runners and touters waiting for the immigrants outside the government premises; he intended to work them up into a dramatic effect in some sketch, but they remained mere material in his memorandum-book, together with some quaint old houses on the Sixth Avenue road, which he had noticed on the way down. On the way up, these were superseded in his regard by some hip-roof structures on the Ninth Avenue, which he thought more Dutch-looking. The perspectives of the cross-streets toward the river were very lively, with their turmoil of trucks and cars and carts and hacks and foot-passengers, ending in the chimneys and masts of shipping, and final gleams of dancing water. At a very noisy corner, clangorous with some sort of iron-working, he made his wife enjoy with him the quiet sarcasm of an inn that called itself the Homelike Hotel, and he speculated at fantastic length on the gentle associations of one who should have passed his youth under its roof.

III.

First and last, the Marches did a good deal of travel on the elevated roads, which, he said, gave you such glimpses of material aspects in the city as some violent invasion of others' lives might afford in human nature. Once, when the impulse of adventure was very strong in them, they went quite the length of the west side lines, and saw the city pushing its way by irregular advances into the country. Some spaces, probably held by the owners for that rise in value which the industry of others providentially gives to the land of the wise and good, it left vacant comparatively far down the road, and built up others at remoter points. It was a world of lofty apartment-houses beyond the Park, springing up in isolated blocks, with stretches of invaded rusticity between, and here and there an old country-seat standing dusty in its budding vines, with the ground before it in rocky upheaval for city foundations. But wherever it went or wherever it paused, New York gave its peculiar stamp; and the adventurers were amused to find One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street inchoately like Twenty-third Street and Fourteenth Street in its shops and shoppers. The butchers' shops and milliners' shops on the avenue might as well have been at Tenth as at One-hundredth Street.

The adventurers were not often so adventurous. They recognized that in their willingness to let their fancy range for them, and to let speculation do the work of inquiry, they were no longer young. Their point of view was singularly unchanged, and their impressions of New York remained the same that they had been fifteen years before: huge, noisy, ugly, kindly, it seemed to them now as it seemed then. The main difference was that they saw it more now as a life, and then they only regarded it a spectacle; and March could not release himself from a sense of complicity with it, no matter what whimsical, or alien, or critical attitude he took. A sense of the striving and the suffering deeply possessed him; and this grew the more intense as he gained some knowledge of the forces at work—forces of pity, of destruction, of perdition, of salvation. He wandered about on Sunday not only through the streets, but into this tabernacle and that, as the spirit moved him, and listened to those who dealt with Christianity as a system of economics as well as a religion. He could not get his wife to go with him; she listened to his report of what he heard, and trembled; it all seemed fantastic and menacing. She lamented the literary peace, the intellectual refinement of the life they had left behind them; and he owned it was very pretty, but he said it was not life—it was death-in-life. She liked to hear him talk in that strain of virtuous self-denunciation, but she asked him, "Which of your prophets are you going to follow?" and he answered, "All—all! And a fresh one every Sunday." And so they got their laugh out of it at last, but with some sadness at heart, and with a dim consciousness that they had got their laugh out of too many things in life.

What really occupied and compassed his activities, in spite of his strenuous reveries of work beyond it, was his editorship. On its social side it had not fulfilled all the expectations which Fulkerson's radiant sketch of its duties and relations had caused him to form of it. Most of the contributions came from a distance; even the articles written in New York reached him through the post, and so far from having his valuable time, as they called it, consumed in interviews with his collaborators, he rarely saw any of them. The boy on the stairs, who was to fence him from importunate visitors, led a life of luxurious disoccupation, and whistled almost uninterruptedly. When any one came, March found himself embarrassed and a little anxious. The visitors were usually young men, terribly respectful, but cherishing, as he imagined, ideals and opinions chasmally different from his; and he felt in their presence something like an anachronism, something like a fraud. He tried to freshen up his sympathies on them, to get at what they were really thinking and feeling, and it was some time before he could understand that they were not really thinking and feeling anything of their own concerning their art, but were necessarily, in their quality of young, inexperienced men, mere acceptants of older men's thoughts and feelings, whether they were tremendously conservative, as some were, or tremendously progressive, as others were. Certain of them called themselves realists, certain romanticists; but none of them seemed to know what realism was, or what romanticism; they apparently supposed the difference a difference of material. March had imagined himself taking home to lunch or dinner the aspirants for editorial favor whom he liked, whether he liked their work or not; but this was not an easy matter. Those who were at all interesting seemed to have engagements and preoccupations; after two or three experiments with the bashfuler sort—those who had come up to the metropolis with manuscripts in their hands, in the good old literary tradition—he wondered whether he was otherwise like them when he was young like them. He could not flatter himself that he was not, and yet he had a hope that the world had grown worse since his time, which his wife encouraged.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.

Mrs. March was not eager to pursue the hospitalities which she had at first imagined essential to the literary prosperity of *Every Other Week;* her family sufficed her; she would willingly have seen no one out of it but the strangers at the weekly *table-d'hôte* dinner, or the audiences at the theatres. March's devotion to his work made him reluctant to delegate it to any one, and as the summer advanced, and the question of where to go grew more vexed, he showed a man's base willingness to shirk it for himself by not going anywhere. He asked his wife why she did not go somewhere with the children; and he joined her in a search for non-malarial regions on the map, when she consented to entertain this notion. But when it came to the point, she would not go; he offered to go with her then, and then she would not let him. She said she knew he would be anxious about his work; he protested that he could take it with him to any distance within a few hours, but she would not be persuaded. She would rather he staid; the effect would be better with Mr. Fulkerson; they could make excursions, and they could all get off a week or two to the sea-shore near Boston, the only real seashore, in August. The excursions were practically confined to a single day at Coney Island; and once they got as far as Boston on the way to the sea-shore near Boston; that is, Mrs. March and the children went; an editorial exigency kept March at the last moment. The Boston streets seemed very queer and clean and empty to the children, and the buildings little; in the horse-cars the Boston faces seemed to arraign their mother with a down-drawn severity that made her feel very guilty. She knew that this was merely the Puritan mask, the cast of a dead civilization, which people of very amiable and tolerant minds were doomed to wear, and she sighed to think that less than a year of the heterogeneous gayety of New York should have made her afraid of it. The sky seemed cold and gray; the east wind, which she had always thought so delicious in summer, cut her to the heart. She took her children up to the South End, and in the pretty square where they used to live, they stood before their alienated home and looked up at its close-shuttered windows. The tenants must have been away, but Mrs. March had not the courage to ring and make sure, though she had always promised herself that she would go all over the house when she came back, and see how they had used it; she could pretend a desire for something she wished to take away. She knew she could not bear it now; and the children did not seem eager. She did not push on to the seaside; it would be forlorn there without their father; she was glad to go back to him in the immense, friendly homelessness of New York, and hold him answerable for the change in her heart, or her mind, which made its shapeless tumult a refuge and a consolation.

She found that he had been giving the cook a holiday, and dining about hither and thither with Fulkerson. Once, he had dined with him at the widow's (as they always called Mrs. Leighton), and then had spent the evening there, and smoked with Fulkerson and Colonel Woodburn on the gallery overlooking the back yard. They were all spending the summer in New York. The widow had got so good an offer for her house at St. Barnaby for the summer that she could not refuse it; and the Woodburns found New York a watering-place of exemplary coolness after the burning Augusts and Septembers of Charlottesburg.

"You can stand it well enough in our climate, sir," the Colonel explained, "till you come to the September heat, that sometimes runs well into October; and then you begin to lose your temper, sir. It's never quite so hot as it is in New York at times, but it's hot longer, sir." He alleged, as if something of the sort were necessary, the example of a famous Southwestern editor, who spent all his summers in a New York hotel, as the most luxurious retreat on the continent, consulting the weather forecasts, and running off on torrid days to the mountains or the sea, and then hurrying back at the promise of cooler weather. The Colonel had not found it necessary to do this yet; and he had been reluctant to leave town, where he was working up a branch of the inquiry which had so long occupied him, in the libraries, and studying the great problem of labor and poverty as it continually presented itself to him in the streets. He said that he talked with all sorts of people, whom he found monstrously civil, if you took them in the right way; and he went everywhere in the city without fear and apparently without danger. March could not find out that he had ridden his hobby into the homes of want which he visited, or had proposed their enslavement to the inmates as a short and simple solution of the great question of their lives; he appeared to have contented himself with the collection of facts for the persuasion of the cultivated classes. It seemed to March a confirmation of this impression that the Colonel should address his deductions from these facts so unsparingly to him; he listened with a respectful patience, for which Fulkerson afterward personally thanked him. Fulkerson said it was not often the Colonel found such a good listener; generally, nobody listened but Mrs. Leighton, who thought his ideas were shocking, but honored him for holding them so conscientiously. Fulkerson was glad that March, as the literary department, had treated the old gentleman so well, because there was an open feud between him and the art department. Beaton was outrageously rude, Fulkerson must say; though as for that, the old Colonel seemed quite able to take care of himself, and gave Beaton an unqualified contempt in return for his unmannerliness. The worst of it was, it distressed the old lady so; she admired Beaton as much as she respected the Colonel, and she admired Beaton, Fulkerson thought, rather more than Miss Leighton did; he asked March if he had noticed them together. March had noticed them, but without any very definite impression except that Beaton seemed to give the whole evening to the girl. Afterward he recollected that he had fancied her rather harassed by his devotion, and it was this point that he wished to present for his wife's opinion.

"Girls often put on that air," she said. "It's one of their ways of teasing. But, then, if the man was really very much in love, and she was only enough in love to be uncertain of herself, she might very well seem troubled. It would be a very serious question. Girls often don't know what to do in such a case."

"Yes," said March, "I've often been glad that I was not a girl, on that account. But I guess that on general principles Beaton is not more in love than she is. I couldn't imagine that young man being more in love with anybody, unless it was himself. He might be more in love with himself than any one else was."

"Well, he doesn't interest me a great deal, and I can't say Miss Leighton does, either. I think she can take care of herself. She has herself very well in hand."

"Why so censorious?" pleaded March. "I don't defend her for having herself in hand; but is it a fault?"

Mrs. March did not say. She asked, "And how does Mr. Fulkerson's affair get on?"

"His affair? You really think it *is* one? Well, I've fancied so myself, and I've had an idea of some time asking him; Fulkerson strikes one as truly domesticable, conjugable at heart; but I've waited for him to speak."

"I should think so."

"Yes. He's never opened on the subject yet. Do you know, I think Fulkerson has his moments of delicacy."

"Moments! He's *all* delicacy in regard to women."

"Well, perhaps so. There is nothing in them to rouse his advertising instincts."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT EUROPEAN ROADS.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

There is a general impression at home that the roads of England are the best to be found anywhere, and are therefore to be taken as models of construction and repair. But leaving out Russia, England possesses the worst roads in what might be called civilized Europe. Of course for light traffic the roads of Belgium are impassable, as they are all paved with Belgian blocks, like Fifth Avenue in New York or Broad Street in Philadelphia. But there is not a single hundred-mile stretch of well-made road to be found anywhere in England at the present day, and there is not a foot that is decently kept. That there are some good roads is due to the fact that they were laid on the foundation either of the old Roman roads or the more modern military ones, and having such good foundations, can keep themselves in fair repair, or else that they were built by Macadam, and are not yet worn out. Certainly no English road is scientifically kept in order.

The Romans, as they conquered the world, also conquered the savage tracks across the countries they invaded, and left behind them—though this is a fact of which one scarcely ever hears, the road-beds on which all the principal European highways are constructed. When Napoleon, the greatest road maker who ever lived, came into power, he saw at once that to transport his armies over the played-out paving of the Roman ways in France, and to have his men, when they arrived at the frontiers, in any sort of fighting condition—his cavalry not all lame, his artillery and baggage not a line of wreck from Paris to the frontier—there was simply one thing for him to do, and he did it. He tore up the paving, converting it into fine stones, with which he renewed the surface underneath, of course mixing these smaller stones with gravel, sand, and chalky substances; or else he used the paving as a road-bed, and laid his surface of fine stone on top of it. It was thus he made those absolutely perfect highways which stretch from one end of France to the other. He then gave the control of these roads into the hands of government officials, who have kept them, and kept them well, until this day.

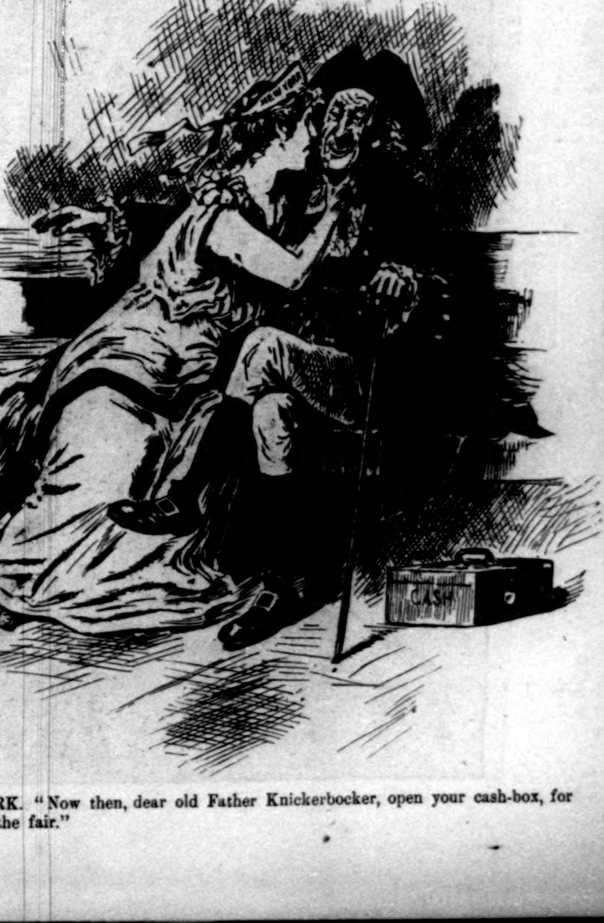
So long as a road-bed has a reasonably compact and solid foundation, and this bed is laid by engineers to follow the lay of the land, avoiding steep rises, going sometimes three miles around a hill, up which an American road would take you in half a mile; so long as the road is so arranged as to drain itself; so long as it escapes the water produced by banks of melting snow in the winter, and does not allow those gullies, which become rivers after every shower, to drain themselves into it; or so long as properly paved gutters will carry off this overflow of water, if it cannot be avoided; so long as when you come to a remarkably steep but short hill, around which you cannot pass, instead of going over it you tunnel through it—the actual road-bed is not the most important factor in maintaining a good road. I remember how carefully the Lancaster Pike at Philadelphia was put down. I have seen French *Routes Départementales* in the process of construction, and I can say that the American work was quite equal to, if not better than, the French—I mean simply as far as putting down the road metal was concerned. Of course the French work was done by a most skilled engineer; the American work was probably the jobs of half a dozen contractors.

But after the road has been constructed comes the important point—the mending of it. As has been said, this is most costly. So marvellously is it done in France that I can scarcely expect any one to believe the statements I am about to make. The great military roads of France, *Les Routes Nationales*, radiate from the large cities like the spokes of a wheel. They are all marked with kilometre stones, a kilometre being about five-eighths of a mile. The stones are about two feet and a half high, a foot and a half broad, and a foot thick. As you approach the first stone you will notice on the side nearest you the name of the next important town, with its distance in kilometres and metres. On its face, following the lines of the semicircular top, you will read *Grande Route* number so-and-so, and below, the name of the great city from which it starts and the great city to which it goes, say Paris and Marseilles, and the actual distance to each by this road. On the other side is the distance from the large town from which you started. Every hundred metres you will see a neat little white stone with the number inscribed on it. As there are a thousand metres in a kilometre, there are ten of these stones, and when you come to each you can tell exactly the distance you have made. The fifth stone, which marks the half-way distance between the two kilometre stones, is usually a little larger than the others. As you pass from one of the eighty-six departments of France into another, you will see a larger stone marking the boundary line and recording the distance to many important points. If the gradient becomes at all steep, the fact will be announced somewhat as it is at the side of a railway, and there are several other marks used by the engineers which I do not understand. On the first house in each village, approaching from either end, you will find the name of that village clearly written in white letters on a blue ground on a metal plate, the name of the village you have just left, with the distance, an arrow pointing in its direction, the name of the one you are coming to, and the names of the nearest large cities both ways. At all cross-roads you will find the same information. The kilometre stones themselves are painted white, and the numbers and names are cut into the stone to protect them from the rain, and painted black.

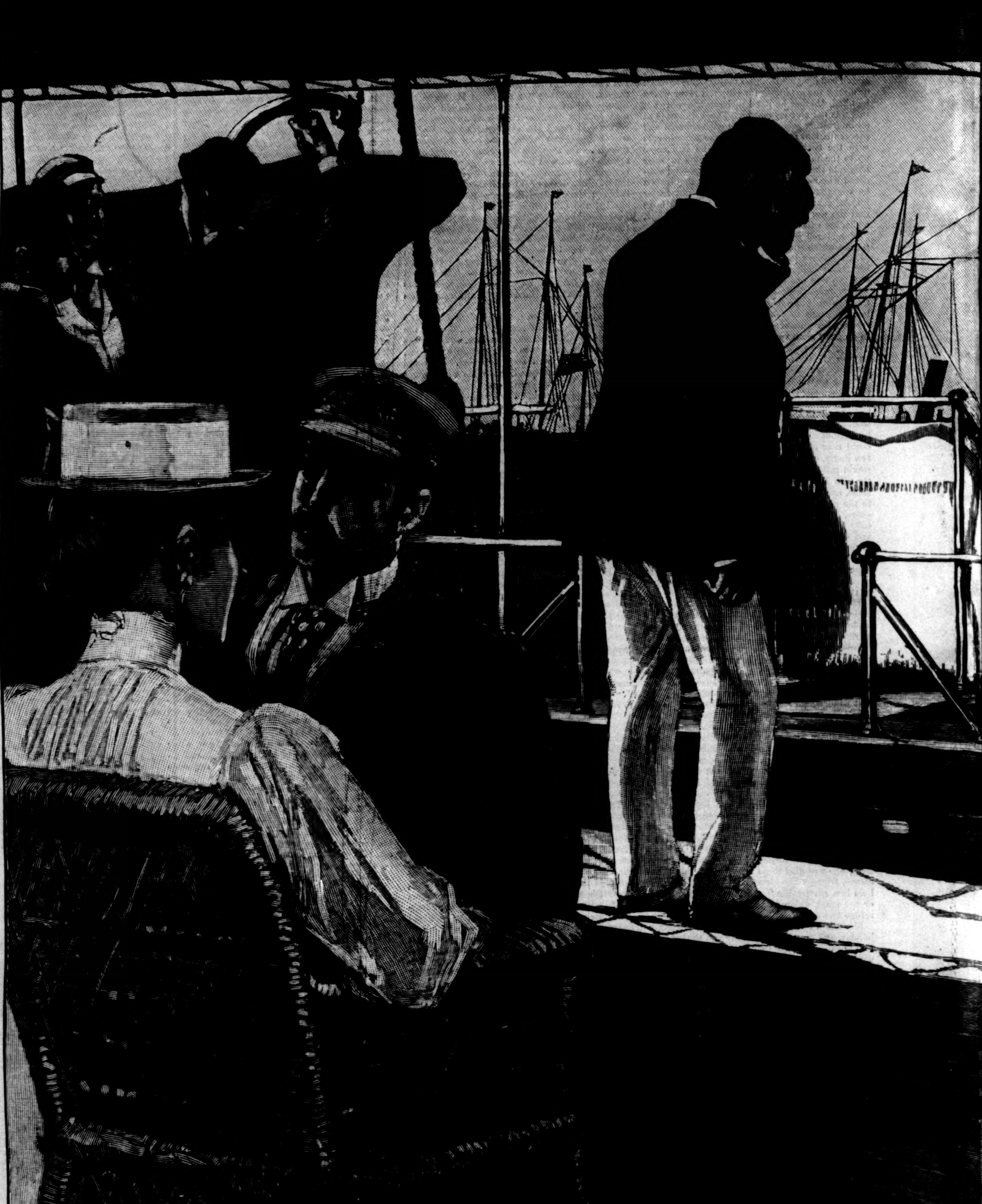
The roadway is wide enough for two or three teams to pass. Beyond is a sweep of beautifully kept grass, and beyond again two great deep gutters, outside of which is a bank of earth higher than the fields which it bounds, keeping all the water, if there should be any, back in the fields and off the roads. Every hundred feet or so, cut in the grass by taking the turf out, is a small gutter, through which any water which may fall in the road is drained into the deeper gutter. As you ride along you will see that the road is divided by movable tin signs with *cantonniers* on them. Near these signs, which are usually about a mile or two apart, you will find a man breaking stones small enough to go through a two-and-a-half-inch ring, piling the broken stone up in a symmetrical mass like a house roof, which must exactly fit into a skeleton frame the *cantonnier* places over it. These stone-breakers are at work spring, summer, and autumn. Other men will be picking up the droppings on the road, putting them in a wheelbarrow, in another part of which is fresh sand to sprinkle over the place, and they carry rakes and brooms to touch up any imperfections on the surface, for such a thing as a loose stone or a lump of dirt is almost unknown. Having gathered up anything which may have fallen from passing carts or wagons—for the horses' hoofs do not kick up the surface of the road, nor do the wheels grind into it—each goes over the whole of his allotted space with a broom about ten feet long, sweeping off the sand, which is taken away and stored for future use or sold. This is kept up daily from April till October, and so thoroughly that, though I have travelled over the roads of France in both the wettest and driest summers and autumns, I have never found half an inch of dust or mud on the *Grandes Routes*. The *cantonniers*, when any distance from villages or towns, have houses in which they live, and they go to their work morning and evening between the magnificent avenues of poplars in the north, of cypresses in the south, of sycamores, which line so many of the roads of the *Midi*. It is absurd to say the roads are like those of a park, for in no park out of France are they equalled.

With the beginning of October and the rainy season an inspector comes out—though for that matter he is almost always travelling up and down—followed by a large gang of men, one or more steam-rollers, which, if the district is far from a town, pull after them gypsy vans in which the men live. The properly broken stone is then spread evenly over the road; the interstices are filled up with smaller stones and pebbles, the refuse from the larger stuff; over this is spread a layer of chalky or clayey earth, which had been carted and heaped there in neat piles during the summer; what we would call mush-molly is made out of the whole mass with water from the gutter which the engine of the roller pumps through a hose; the steam-roller next parades up and down over the surface for a day or so, boards and guards are put up to keep the passers-by from driving on the grass, and by the middle of winter the whole surface is perfect: so perfect is it that in a ride through the Vosges in the early spring, although there were high snow-banks on both sides, the road having been cleared, and although frost was coming up out of the ground, it was comparatively easy to ride on a light bicycle, instead of being obliged to pull the machine through a sea of mud. This is a description of the actual way in which French roads are kept in repair by the Department of Ponts et Chaussées. The same system is more or less carried out in Germany and Italy.

I have learned these facts from the top of a cycle, and there is no more sensitive point from which one receives impressions of road-making than the base of one's cerebellum, which is brought into contact with the ground by means of the backbone and the little wheel of a bicycle. The good roads of France are so delightful to ride over that I have looked into the manner in which they are made and repaired. Although I have had many a day of pleasure awheel in England and America, I have paid up for it with many a night of misery through the shaking up this cerebellum got from the bad roads.



NEW YORK. "Now then, dear old Father Knickerbocker, open your cash-box, for *we* must have the fair."



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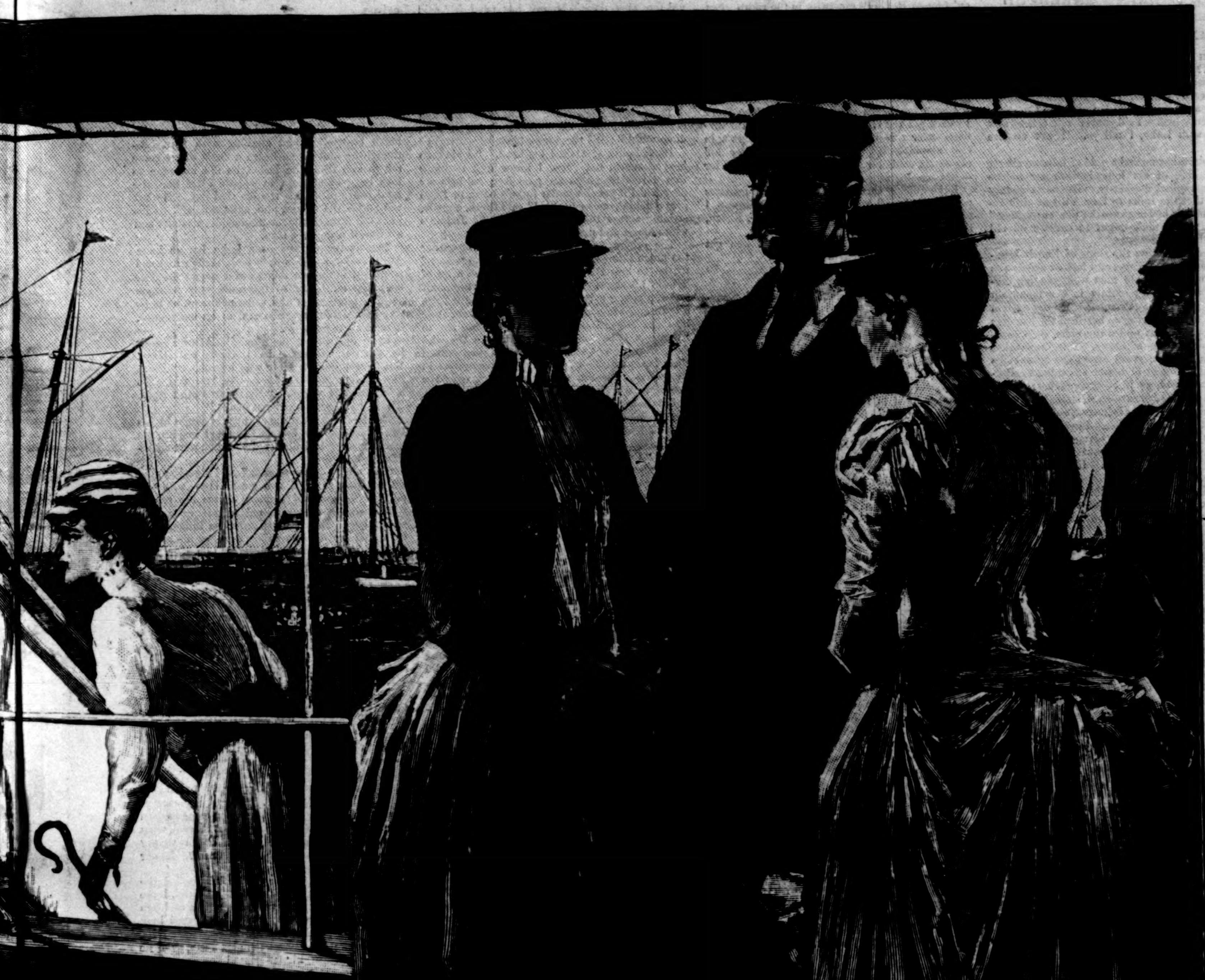


—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 688.]

LUKE JUDKIN'S CHEERFUL END.

AN EAST VILLAGE STORY.

"TOUGH? He's all made o' whip-cord, I tell ye. Last? O' course he'll last. Ain't he over ninety a'ready? Smart? See 'm out there now a-playin' croky—he an' Henery Green! Henery is a babe as compared with Luke, an' Henery is over seventy-five. Ye'll never open the new cem'tery with Luke, I tell ye. 'Tain't no use waitin'."

The undertaker moved a quid of tobacco slowly from one side of his long lantern-jaw to the other as he replied, dubiously, "The new cimetery folks say thet the folks to East Village ain't respondin' as they hed ought to the new enterprise."

"Waal, they hedn't ought to cal'late on old Luke, anyhow."

The speakers sat on the steps of Enoch Johnson's store in East Village, and looked across the green to where two old men were playing croquet—a game not yet extinct in the mountain farming districts of Vermont. Pretty soon a quarrel seemed to spring up between the players; loud words rang out under the elms, then came a fierce interchange of blows. The undertaker and Enoch Johnson stood up on the store steps to watch the contest at better advantage. Presently Enoch said, as if apostrophizing: "Thet Luke Judkin's the consarnedest, cussedest, peskiest old critter! Henery is hurted, an' here comes Luke with a broken mallet. Shouldn't wonder ef he'd say Henery was all to blame. Spry? Ain't he spry! D'ye ever hear about his dog? *He's* cuter than old Luke himself. Here the old reskill comes. H'lo, Luke!"

"H'lo, Enoch! How's folks?"

Luke Judkin briskly walked up to the store, holding the parts of a broken mallet handle in his hands. He was a picture of that agile, athletic old age which so often obtains at the present day among the "hill farms" in Vermont. His nose and chin betrayed a ludicrous intimacy. His back was bent with the weight of years. His hands had grown into long unsightly claws. The day was hot, and it was mid-day, but the sun at 110 degrees only sufficed to pleasantly warm the bald head of the old man, whose sharp little eyes in their cavernous sockets gleamed up at the store-keeper in keen recognition.

"Been a-playin' croky?" answered Enoch, not replying, according to East Village etiquette, to the old man's inquiry concerning his "folks."

"Yas; beat Henery Green three games runnin'," said Luke. "Would 'a beat a fourth, only Henery, *he* said I cheated. 'Twa'n't no sich a thing!" and his eyes blinked savagely, like the eyeballs of an antiquated parrot. "I didn't cheat no more 'n' no less than he did."

"Come to blows, eh?"

"Yas. 'Twa'n't nothin'. Struck our mallets together a leetle. Say, Enoch, measure me out a cent's wuth o' glue—Henery broke my handle."

"I'd like to see that cent," drawled Enoch, slowly rising and meandering within his store for the glue.

Luke took a seat on the steps, near the undertaker, and proceeded to wipe his perspiring face with his shirt sleeve. The undertaker looked him over professionally a moment; then said, musingly: "Luke, what is you measure? Five foot seven an' a harf, or five eight an' a harf?" He put the question casually, as if not personally interested.

"Mr. Stapples, you got money in thet new cem'tery enterprise, 'ain't ye?"

Mr. Stapples allowed he had—"a few hunderd."

"Waal, 'tain't nothin' to you what I measure. I cal'late I ken tire out any cem'tery enterprise as has started to East Village, an' when I deecease I purpose bein' buried to Weston."

"Sho!" Mr. Stapples leaned over and picked up a straw, to conceal his feeling of disappointment and vexation.

"I'm agin all them new-fangled patent iron moniments an' iron fixin's, an' agin all this 'ere flummery folks is talkin' about. The old-fashioned marble head-stuns is plenty good 'nuff. Ther's altogether too much fancy fixin' to the new cem'tery. I'm agin fountain play into a cem'tery—yes I be! an' ef the old berryin'-ground's full, as they say, I'm a-goin' to Weston."

"Sho!" again ejaculated the undertaker, in an undertone. "Shouldn't think you'd like to make yourself so unpopular."

"What's folks to East Village ever done for me? I ain't a-goin' to do nothin' for them—no I ain't!"

"We hed hoped," urged the undertaker, "that you'd open our new cimetery, an' we cal'lated t' have the Weston band."

"'Tain't no use argufyin'!" said Luke, stubbornly.

"A band, an' a adress by the Methodist an' Presbyterin ministers," softly smiled Mr. Stapples.

Luke moved uneasily on the step.

"A adress makin' mention of your noble carrickter, an' praisin' of it, an' makin' out as how you were a great philanthropeed," smiled Mr. Stapples, affably.

"A what is't?" asked Luke, quickly turning his sharp, discrediting eyes full upon the undertaker.

"A phi-lanthropeed—I cal'late one what is a sorter magnit."

Old Luke began to chuckle well within himself. "Me a magnit 'n East Village!" he grinned. "Why, I can't get trust fer a bag o' oats!"

Enoch came out with the glue done up in a bit of brown paper. "Guess ye hurted Henery, ye old sinner," said he, looking across the green. "There's Marier a-doin' his head up in a hanksher. Look's though his skull was cracked—darn me ef't don't!"

"Hope 'tis," said Luke. "He'd no bizness to say I cheated. Why, croky ain't no fun onless ye cheat some; an' Henery, he's wuss 'n I be."

"Waal," said Enoch, slowly, "folks *know yeou!* an' I guess Henery's mostwise in the right. Say, Luke, here's the glue; now where's the cent?"

Old Luke felt about in his breeches pockets for some moments, apparently to no purpose. Then he felt in his boot top, and pulled out a dirty and much-mangled five-dollar bill.

"Here, Enoch; give me four doller an' ninety-nine cents change"—and Luke handed up the bill.

Enoch laughed a sickly laugh. "Yeou know I hain't got the change," he said; "but I'll cabbage onter this bill, an' yeou can let it go agin our akount—thet there forty-nine doller an' eighty-six cents fer store projuce as has stood fer—le's see—three year an' over."

Luke quickly thrust the bill into his trousers pocket. "I call ye to witness, Mr. Stapples, I tendered the cash. Yes I did; an' now, Enoch, le's have the glue."

"Le's hev the bill, Luke. Guess I ken get the change up to the savin's-bank."

Luke shook his head.

"No bill, no glue," insisted Enoch.

"Waal, no glue, no cent!" replied Luke, savagely.

"Sho! at yer old games, ain't ye!" said Enoch; and he sheepishly handed over the glue and walked back into the store, while Luke Judkin grinned.

"Luke's got ye, Enoch. I see 'im tender the cash," said the undertaker.

Enoch stood in the doorway, shuffled his feet a little, and looked foolish.

"He allus do get the better o' most," said Enoch. "But some day, mark my word, Luke 'll git fetched up short. Some un will take an' thrash him; and tough as he is, he'll wish he was a darn site tougher then."

Luke said nothing. Placing the glue in his breeches pocket, he walked rapidly across the green toward his barn.

"He's smart," ejaculated the undertaker, "an' no mistake; but I cal'late the new cimetery's smarter'n him. It ken wait longer'n he ken, an' he knows it. I cal'late I did them folks a good turn when I put in a word about the brass band an' the oration. Luke kinder pricked up his ears, I see."

Enoch shook his head. "No; he'll beat you folks yet," he said. "He'll trick ye some way." Shading his eyes with his hand, Enoch looked down the road. "Darn me ef his dorg 'ain't come back home agin! Ther's one smarter'n Luke to East Village. 'Tain't no man; it's a dorg! Yas, Luke's cute, but his dorg—he's cuter'n Luke. But both on 'em are a pair. Land! see thet dorg sneak home, hidin' behint thet hedge, knowin', sure as guns, he's bin sold agin fer five dollar—the bill ye see Luke hev—an' comin' home fer to be sold agin! Why, Luke's made forty dollars outen thet p'inter inside o' three months, to my sartin knowledge."

The undertaker laughed. "Make money outen a dorg? No! G'way!"

"Yep."

"The same dorg?"

"Yep. I see 'm sell the p'inter yestiddy to Hank Spink. Hank's a feller as won't stand no nonsense neither. Hank druv off with the dorg in his buggy, him a-lookin' kinder knowin' at old Luke, an' a-waggin' of his tail ez tho' he knowed what to do without bein' told. Now he's back, an' Luke 'll try an' sell 'm agin to some fool afore the week's out."

"I swan! Thet's cheatin'."

"Cheatin'? Luke 'd cheat the store teeth outen his gran'ther. Why, he's the cuss they renegaded into the war fer palmin' off shoe-pegs on government hosses fer oats. An' ye ought to hear him brag o' them war times! I shouldered a gun, but he never saw Dixie's land 'cept as a sutler, an' now he's a-livin' off a pension as he got 'cause he claimed he was injured in the Wilderness, bein' throwed heavy in a wrastlin' match—he war allus wrastlin'—an' sprainin' a shoulder-blade, which he gets ten dollars a month fer ever sence. P'r'aps thet five-dollar bill was dorg money; p'r'aps it was guv'ment money; guess likely dorg money—I dun know."

"Pour me out a gallon o' molasses," said the undertaker, as he rose to go. "Guess ef Luke's a reskill we don't want ter open our new cimetery with no such a carrickter. We'd better be lookin' around fer a corpse as we ken praise up without lyin' about. Sho! The village is so dern healthy, an' we've waited an' waited, an' spent our money;" and the undertaker heaved a deep sigh.

"Waal, better look fer another corpse as ain't a reskill, an' hasn't sold a dorg over a dozen times," laughed Enoch, as the molasses slowly drained from the hogshead into the undertaker's jug. "Luke would spile any cem'tery. Guess folks to Weston won't thank Luke much fer his choosin'. Guess likely he'll be forced to try the new enterprise arter all."

An empty farm wagon drove by in the dusty road, making a great clatter, and obscuring Luke's house and barn across the green in a cloud of dust.

When the dust rose and they could see beneath it, Luke could be seen leading his pointer into the barn. He seemed to be in somewhat of a hurry, and the dog proving unwilling, he led the animal quickly back into the house. At the same moment a horseman rode furiously up to the store, threw himself off his horse, and shouted to Enoch, who stood on his door-step, scarcely ten feet away: "H'lo, Enoch! Seen anything of my p'inter I bought o' Luke Judkin fer five dollars?"

"Cheap dorg!" grinned Enoch, in reply.

"Bought 'im last Thursday, an' here 'tis Tuesday, an' the dorg run off. I suspect Luke's got 'im back. Ef the consarned reskill has gone an' done me, I'll—I'll—" The speaker, a tall, thin, athletic young farmer, gave a quick swing to his arm as he spoke, indicative of the punishment he would inflict upon old Luke Judkin if found delinquent.

"Hank Spink, you'd orter know better'n to try an' buy thet dorg. Menny hez tried it," said Enoch, "an' not one on em's ever hed much success. You carrn't buy thet dorg, Hank; you carrn't do it! The dorg's too smart. Yes, I see thet dorg not a few minits ago. Guess he's to Luke's barn now."

"Well, I guess I boughten the dorg; an' I'll hev the dorg, or I'll hev the law onter Luke!"

The undertaker smiled. "Mebbe as you ken arest a dorg!" he said. "As for Luke, he 'ain't done nuthin'; it's the dorg's fault."

Hank Spink scratched his head. "I ain't no lawyer shark, but guess I know 'nuff to know thet dorg's boughten an' paid for; an' he's my dorg, an' I'll get 'im outen Luke's barn, or Luke gets a lickin', one or t'other!" said Hank, angrily, striding across the green toward Luke Judkin's white house and dingy gray barn.

The others followed. Enoch was altogether too much interested in the event of the "dorg" matter to hesitate a moment about the need of 'tendin' his store. Perceiving his departure, half a dozen young urchins, strolling homeward from a bath and swim in a neighboring stream, stole into the store and slyly helped themselves to "Jackson balls" and 'lasses cakes in the window. Not content with these sweets, they daubed their faces with flour, and arrayed themselves in the yellow tarpaulin suits which hung over the counter.

But if the urchins were having a good time, the ill-concealed look of amusement in honest Enoch's face as he crossed the green also showed that he too was enjoying himself, perhaps equally well. "I'd like to see how Hank 'll go to work," he laughed. "Hank's mad, an' Luke ain't no match for him in a bare stand-up fight. But Luke's tricky. Hank 'll never git the dorg! You see, Mr. Stapples, it 'll take a sheriff an' a possy to fetch the dorg away—an' I was a-goin' to say a hull jedge an' jury to hold 'im! Luke is game, he is. Guess he's got the dorg hid away by this time. Sho! here he comes! Now what's he a-doin' of?"

Enoch's genuine admiration for old Luke's shrewdness found vent a moment later in a hearty slap upon his thigh. Luke advanced toward Hank Spink with a hearty treble "How-ter-doo?" and a hand-shake which, by its warmth of feeling, quickly disarmed the stalwart young farmer. "So—ye forgot to tie the dorg up, did ye? Waal, he's come home. Yes he has. Hank, ye didn't feed him 'nuff vittles. Marier, she used to feed him too much, and the dorg, he likes vittles; so he's run off, I s'pose."

"Yes, I come arfter the dorg, Mr. Judkin," said Hank Spink, mollified.

The old man's thin hair was brushed and combed up back over his ears. No rural saint could ever have looked meeker and milder than Luke in his clean linen duster, his collarless shirt, and his greased boots.

"Waal, he's high an' low 'bout the yard some'eres, Hank. I see 'im chasin' 'bout like's though he was glad to get back an' get vittles agin. Hi, Snapper! Snap! Don't see 'im now 'zactly."

Old Luke gazed about the yard and at the house furtively, as if he expected the dog to look out at him from a second-story window and wink. But Snap made no appearance at a window or elsewhere, and Hank Spink shoved his lean hands far down in his breeches pockets, with:

"Look a-here, Luke; I ain't a-goin' to stand no foolin'. I want thet dorg. I paid fer him fair, an' I do admit he was a dern cheap dorg fer the price."

"Well, tarnation! Ketch the dorg an' take 'm away. I 'ain't got nothin' to do with the dorg. The dorg's yourn; take 'm away ef he's here," replied Luke's high treble.

"Waal, he's here, I guess, ef he ain't hid," said Hank, inconsequently. "Come, now, fetch him out!"

At the same moment the door opened, and a round chubby woman, with very black bead-like eyes and little black ringlets, appeared. She only stood in the open doorway long enough to make up a face at the strange men in the door-yard, exclaim, "*Land!*" and retire again within the house, as if provoked beyond all desire for further discovery.

"Marier's mad's a hornit a'ready," laughed Enoch, *sotto voce*, to the undertaker; "an' see them men trackin' up her clean floor!"

Hank Spink had entered the porch at the side of the house, and Luke had followed him. They walked the length of the porch, which had been freshly cleaned that morning, and Hank placed his hand on the latch of the door, when old Luke placed *his* hand on *him*.

"'Tain't no use goin' in an' upsettin' everything in this house on 'count of a dorg."

"Leggo me!" answered Hank. "I'm a-goin' to hev thet dorg, an' I cal'late no one ain't goin' to stop me!"

Luke placed himself before the door.

"I'm a-goin' to stop any man openin' my door an' enterin' my house without a search-warrint. Yes I be!"

"Oh, you be, be ye?" And Hank gave the old man a thrust aside. They glared at each other. There was a little sparring for a "side hold," when, quick as a flash, the old man threw Hank over his shoulder, landing him a good twelve paces on the grass. As Hank lay there sprawling on the turf, Luke, pale with his effort and with anger, shook his fist over his prostrate foe.

"You'll never git thet dorg, Hank, onless ye ken wrastle better'n thet!" Then he put his hand suddenly to his heart. "God A'mighty!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper, as Enoch ran forward. "Somepen's broke inside! Run an' fetch Marier! Some one go for the doctor! I'm—I'm—I'm— He kin hev his dorg."

The old man sank to the floor of the porch, and rolled over on one side, a ghastly whiteness spreading over his face.

"He's dead—dead as a nit!" cried Enoch, aghast.

"No he ain't," said the undertaker, kneeling by his side. "He's only fainted. Hank, you run fer the doctor. Mebbe it's a murder case. Guess ye'd bette kinder let the doctor know, Hank, an' then yeou lite out, an' keep hid away. I'll testify 'twan't your fault bein' throwed thet way, but yeou hed orter got a sarch-warrint—yes yeou hed!"

Hank took the hint, and went out of the yard, much crestfallen and quaking with fear. Although he fancied he heard a dog's whine come out to him from the house, he did not stop to look back or attempt to whistle after him, the fatal cause of all his trouble that day. He left word with the doctor, and galloped back to his little hill farm on the mountain-side, a sadder and a wiser, if a dogless, man.

The doctor worked over Luke for an hour. Aunt Marier, with a scared look, made gruel and poultices, for which there could be no possible use; but on being so informed, only went on making more gruel and more poultices, as if by way of proving herself useful in an emergency, if for no other reason.

Luke Judkin "came round." After a week he was out again, the hard, knotty old fellow. But he was not the same man he was. "'Pears like I hain't got long fer to live," he said, with a melancholy whine. "My innards ain't right. 'Pears my orgins is twisted inside."

But however great the changes wrought by his last "wrastle" on Luke's body and insides, his mental change and moral regeneration were something astonishing.

"He ain't the same cuss," said Enoch, as he sat on his threshold, two weeks later, with one or two farmers, and glanced across the green. "He's sorter meachin' an' wilted down—no spunk left! Land! he as uster be kinder feelin' round ter do somethin' mean ter his neighbors, and make 'em feel mean ter him, why, he's turned right round! Guess he won't live long. No! Folks says he's paid up all his debts. Waal, he's paid my 'count—every cent, an' he went an' paid fer Marier's—thet's his fourth wife, yeou reklect?—sister's child's schoolin' down to Northfield. An' ez fer thet dorg o' hizen, Hank got him back all right; yes, an' Luke, he's tryin' fer to act on the square. Why, there's Mr. Stapples a-comin'! Dead? Luke Judkin dead? Why, I want ter know! Thet's news! Whew!"

"Yes; died half an hour ago," said the undertaker, who came across the green to the store with a pail for ice. "Passed away peaceful like. Yes, yes, I were on hand; happened so. Luke's dead at last. The strain's what killed him. Yes, looks peaceful an' like a saint."

"I cal'late he's a saint 'nough now," sighed Enoch, with a New-Englander's readiness to canonize all deceased persons. "He were wicked at times, were Luke, but mostwise he were so dern smart thet ye hed ter fergiv' 'im. An', waal, what ef he did sell his dorg over a dozen times? Wa'n't it half the dern dorg's fault? Dead? Waal, ye don't say so!"

"It were part the dorg's fault," replied the undertaker; "but ef I stan' here a-talkin', Luke 'll spile, an' all thet there peaceful ind of hizen will go for naught. I never see a corpse look so mild and good-tempered. Most looks sour, Mr. Johnson; but Luke, he smiles away, as ef he hed a easy death, kinder passed over the river, as they say, an' larfin' an' smilin' good-by; an' it's jest hit the cimetery folks off right, tew, Mr. Johnson—jest right. Oh, we finished off the roadways jest in time, an' we shell give Luke a big funeril—as big as from seventy-five to one hundred dollars 'll buy; yes."

Luke's was indeed a grand funeral for East Village. There was some smirking and smiling over the patent fact that the "new cemetery folks" had got the better of old Luke at last, and there were some hidden winks over the fervid eloquence of the Rev. Mr. Scrooby as he praised the high character of the deceased—encomiums better fitted, perhaps, to the last fortnight of his life than the previous five-and-eighty years. But the band was on hand, and its narrow *rèpertoire*, though containing no funeral music, gave the greatest satisfaction imaginable. Was it not auspicious to open the new cemetery with the tune "John Brown's Body," followed, between prayers, by "The Star-spangled Banner"? Certes. Old Luke Judkin that summer's day had a most cheerful end! "We hev made him," said the undertaker, solemnly—"we hev made him a sorter phi-lanthropeed!"

J. S. W.

RECENT BROOKLYN ARCHITECTURE.

THE growth of Brooklyn during the last ten years has been much more rapid and steady than any of those miraculous developments of Western towns of which such marvellous stories are told. In some parts of the city whole blocks of fine residences and stores have grown up in a twelvemonth, while round about Prospect Park, and dotted here and there throughout the city, private houses of truly palatial proportions have sprung up as if by magic.

One of the most striking features of this rapid architectural advance has been the phenomenal growth of club life in a city which but a few years ago looked with suspicion and dislike on what was regarded as a species of modernized monasticism inimical to the interests of the family and the church. Club-houses, luxurious and prosperous, now abound throughout the city, and scarcely a quarter of a year passes without the formation of some new social organization. Of the club-houses now in process of building in Brooklyn, prominent specimens will be found in the structures chosen for illustration in this issue.

The Thomas Jefferson Association, the newly adopted name of the organization of regular Democratic politicians of Brooklyn, are erecting a new head-quarters building on Boerum Place, near Fulton Street. The building will be Romanesque in style, seven stories high, with a frontage on Boerum Place of 56 feet, and an average depth of 110 feet, with the rear facing on Red Hook Lane. The first story will be built of rock-faced Gatelawbridge stone, in the form of large piers, with clustered columns flanking the broad windows, and two bold arched entrances, fitted with broad massive doors of quartered oak, which lead to the elevators and hall. The chief feature of this floor will be the Democratic Hall, elevated only four feet from the street, and approached by three entrances. It is designed expressly for campaign and other political uses, and including a commodious gallery, will seat 650 persons. A large stage, with offices for campaign purposes, together with two stories of executive offices in the front, complete the first floor.

The upper part of the front is built of moulded brick and terra-cotta of elaborate design, with three large copper bay-windows, surmounted by enriched terra-cotta arches. These windows admit a flood of light to the offices of the intermediate floors. Above this the building is made impressive by a tower and steep-pitched roof, covered with Spanish tiles, and flanked on each side by two large copper dormers. In order to obtain as much light and ventilation as possible, the building is planned in the form of two wings, with a court 13 feet wide between, open from front to rear. The upper stories are divided into offices for renting purposes, and access to them is gained through a larger arched entrance on the Fulton Street side. This entrance is very impressive, and is flanked on both sides with cluster columns and ornamental caps. The basement, which is also well lighted and ventilated, will probably be used as a first-class restaurant. The estimated cost of the building is $90,000, the site having cost $50,000. The architect of this unique and imposing structure is Mr. Frank Freeman, of New York, whose skill and artistic taste have been shown in many other buildings of note in both cities.

Mr. Freeman's ability will soon be seen illustrated in another beautiful example of his work, viz., the Germania Club-house, now in process of building on Schermerhorn Street, near Smith Street. The first story will be built of two warm-colored stones, the faces left rough as they come from the quarry, except around the window and door openings. The second story will be of buff-colored brick, trimmed with terra-cotta of a darker shade, and the roof will be of red slate, with an ornamental cornice of terra-cotta.

On entering the building through the spacious archway, and crossing the vestibule, which is 14 feet square, the ladies' dining-room will be seen by the visitor on the right, and the main club-room on the left. Here the large bay-window admits light enough to illuminate the whole floor as far back as the billiard-room. Near the entrance is the hat and cloak room, under the main stair. By building the second-story wall on girders in the rear, a skylight covering the whole length of the billiard-room is obtained. The club-room, on the first floor, is 19 feet in height, and there are low middle stories, or mezzanines, for the less important rooms, such as the manager's rooms and pantry. The toilet-room receives light and ventilation from the area at the side of the building. The main stair is a prominent feature of this floor.

The main dining-room is 72 feet by 42 feet in area, and will seat 450 persons at table. The ceiling is 19 feet high. On occasion the small rooms at the side can be thrown open, and the whole space will then seat 650 persons. The ballroom occupies the whole area of the top floor, except what is needed for lobby and stage, and it will seat an audience of 950 persons, while the gallery over the ballroom floor will seat 250 persons. A fire-proof passage and stairway lead down to the basement, where there are three bowling-alleys, 70 feet long, with an alcove and plenty of well-lighted space in front. Raised three feet above the floor is a small balcony for spectators.

A building of a different order of architecture is the proposed new home of the Union League Club, of which the architect is Mr. P. J. Lauritzen, of New York, the designer of the Manhattan Athletic Club-house in New York, as also of the Smith & Gray building in Brooklyn. The new house will have a frontage of 96 feet on Bedford Avenue, and extend for a distance of 50 feet along Dean Street. It will be four stories high, the first story to be built of granite, and the remaining three stories of brick with stone trimmings. The approach to the building will be through the main entrance on Bedford Avenue, by a double flight of steps leading to a portico 30 feet by 7 feet. On the right of this portico will be the café; on the left, the parlor, with one large bay-window; and in the two spandrels between the windows there will be set two medallions of Lincoln and Grant. The ladies' entrance, designed on the same plan as the main entrance, will be on Dean Street.

According to the plan, there will be a large hallway on the first floor, with an office in rear of it. On the right of this will be the lobby leading into the hat and coat room; on the left will be the dining-room, extending the whole length of the rear building. The main stairway is on the left of the main hall, while directly opposite the stairway on the first floor will be the reception-room, and to the right of that the men's parlor. On the second floor will be the billiard-rooms, with a café adjoining; and a board of managers' room, which can be used as a card-room or a general meeting-room. The library and a large card-room will also be on this floor. On the third floor will be several sleeping-rooms, with toilet and bath rooms accessible from any room. The gymnasium will be on the same floor, directly over the billiard-room, and with large dressing and locker rooms adjoining; in another room will be shower-baths. It is provided that the cost of the building and ground shall not exceed $100,000; and as already money enough has been subscribed to begin building, the members of this club are in hopes of being able to celebrate their opening night on Lincoln's birthday.

Another notable instance of Brooklyn architecture is the house which Mr. Francis H. Kimball has been selected to build for the Montauk Club. This unique structure will be entirely unlike any other in the city, and will make a worthy ornament to the beautiful site it is to occupy—a plot of ground running along Lincoln Place, from Eighth Avenue to the Plaza Circle, with a frontage of 100 feet on the avenue and 117 feet on Lincoln Place. It is on one of the highest points of Prospect Hill, overlooking the bay as far as the Narrows on one side, while on the other it is flanked by the square mile of greenery which makes up the Park.

The striking architectural creation which will be placed upon this plot of ground will be entirely in harmony with its surroundings. Its style will be Venetian, its recessed loggias and projecting balconies at once suggesting the familiar pictures of the palaces along the Grand Canal. Its general appearance will be that of a harmoniously proportioned four-story structure, 60 feet by 90 feet, of a rich tawny-yellow terra-cotta, standing in a mat of greensward 10 feet wide on the three sides which have a street frontage, and 40 feet on the other. In details its color treatment will follow the best examples of Venetian work, and its isolation from surrounding buildings will render it visible at every turn.

The first story will be built of stone of an appropriate shade, and those above it will be of the yellow terra-cotta brick. Three bands of glazed terra-cotta, besides the combined cornice and frieze, will be carried around its four sides. The spandrels around the doors and windows will be of the same material, inlaid with mosaics of tinted stone. The Eighth Avenue side will be the most ornate. Here the divided main entrance will be placed in close proximity to the north wall. It will consist of an archway with two openings, and a column in the centre. Above those openings the wall space will be done in carved stone-work, besides the glazed terra-cotta and rich mosaics, which will be the prominent features of the color effects throughout. The ladies' entrance will be the left-hand or northerly one, and it will lead directly to the elevator close to the main staircase. Above the entrance is a balcony, and a loggia carried up to the cornice and frieze, which mark the beginning of the fourth story. To balance this, another loggia and balcony will be carried upward from the right-hand side of the entrance. The slanting roof will be of moderate pitch.

Next in importance to that end of the building will be the Plaza front, which overlooks the favorite driveway of visitors to the Park and to Coney Island. This front will consist almost entirely of a huge circular bay-window, occupying 50 of its 60 feet of width. On the first floor it will have ten windows, and open into the smoking-room. On the second floor it will be treated as an enclosed loggia, with polished granite columns, and on the third it becomes an open balcony. The Lincoln Place front will have a loggia and balcony, with a modest entrance leading to the main hall. The northerly face, which is the one most sheltered from observation, will be broken only by a sufficient number of windows to give light within, and by the colored bands of glazed terra-cotta.

Within the house, though all the arrangements are not yet final, it is a settled fact that the first floor shall contain the parlor, library, and smoking-room, and be so arranged that all of these apartments can be thrown into one large room for entertainment purposes. On the Plaza front of the second floor the billiard-room will be placed, and the remaining space will be used for card and reception rooms. On the third floor, and facing the Plaza, will be the main dining-room. The smaller dining-room, furnished with movable rolling partitions, will be on the Lincoln Place side, while the Eighth Avenue front will be devoted to the ladies' parlor and dining-room.

So far as it has been developed, Prospect Hill, where the new Montauk Club-house is to be built, is perhaps the finest and most promising portion of the city. In the same neighborhood many beautiful private residences are growing up year by year. One of these, which will be sure to attract considerable attention when completed, and of which Mr. Frank Freeman is the architect, is the mansion to be built for Mr. Guido Pleissner at the corner of the Plaza and Lincoln Place. It will be built of stone, terra-cotta, and brick, with a Spanish tile roof, and its interior arrangements, while rivalling in magnificence the elaborate workmanship and fine composition of the exterior, will also be carried out in a style quite independent of conventional ideas. The most striking features of the inside will be the staircase and hall, and a suite of parlors opening into each other, with the vista terminating in a large conservatory at the end.

In that part of the city known as the Eastern District, as well as on Prospect Heights, many handsome private residences have been put up during the last year or two, and of these probably none possesses so many original features as the magnificently equipped home built nearly two years ago by architect Lauritzen for Mr. Millard F. Smith, of the well-known Brooklyn firm of Smith, Gray, & Co., at a cost of $50,000. This structure, which is of the modern Queen Anne style, and is situated at the corner of Rodney Street and Bedford Avenue, measures 50 feet wide by 60 feet deep, and consists of three stories and a basement. The material used is composite, and of the costliest description, the roomy basement being built of Belleville brown stone, the first and second stories of red brick with terra-cotta trimmings, and the third story having a French roof covered with red Spanish tile, with terra-cotta cresting.

The striking features of the exterior are the corner tower, the "Romeo and Juliet" balcony over the square bay-window projection on Bedford Avenue, and an ornamental front chimney on Rodney Street, which has two specially original features in the way of a semicircular window in the dining-room directly over the large mantel, and a large square window over the mantel of the parlor, both windows being glazed with artistic cathedral figures from special designs made by the architect.

Those two private dwellings, situated as they are in different parts of the city, well represent the advance being made in residential architecture in Brooklyn—an advance so rapid and so radical in its nature that it is, without doubt, destined ultimately to change the whole character of the city's buildings.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

All the poets, from Shakespeare in his immortal *Midsummer-Night's Dream* down to the most insignificant rhymester who appeals to his limited public from the corner of some rural periodical, agree in telling us of the witching influences that are abroad during the balmy nights of midsummer. When they are supplemented with moonlight, music, the plashing waves, the subdued glow of Chinese lanterns, all the accessories, in fact, of a fashionable hotel piazza by the sea-side, there can be no doubt of the effect of the *tout ensemble*, nor of the truth of Byron's cynical statement, that

> "there is not a day,
> The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
> Sees half the business in a wicked way
> On which three single hours of moonshine smile."

Shakespeare expressly tells us that it was this kind of a night that induced Troilus to forget his allegiance to the Trojan monarch, and "sigh his soul" toward the Grecian tents that harbored Cressida. It was the deep shadows thrown by the moon on such a night that made unhappy Thisbe play the coward while the lion was still at a safe distance. Unquestionably nights like these had much to do with the abominable behavior of Queen Dido, not to mention Hero and Leander, Romeo and Juliet, and scores of lovers since the old drama was first played on the banks of the Euphrates. What the world would have lost in the way of delight, not to mention all the misery and tribulation that so frequently follow upon the luxury of love-making, had the thermometer never been known to rise above freezing-point, let us not overwhelm our imaginations by trying to picture.

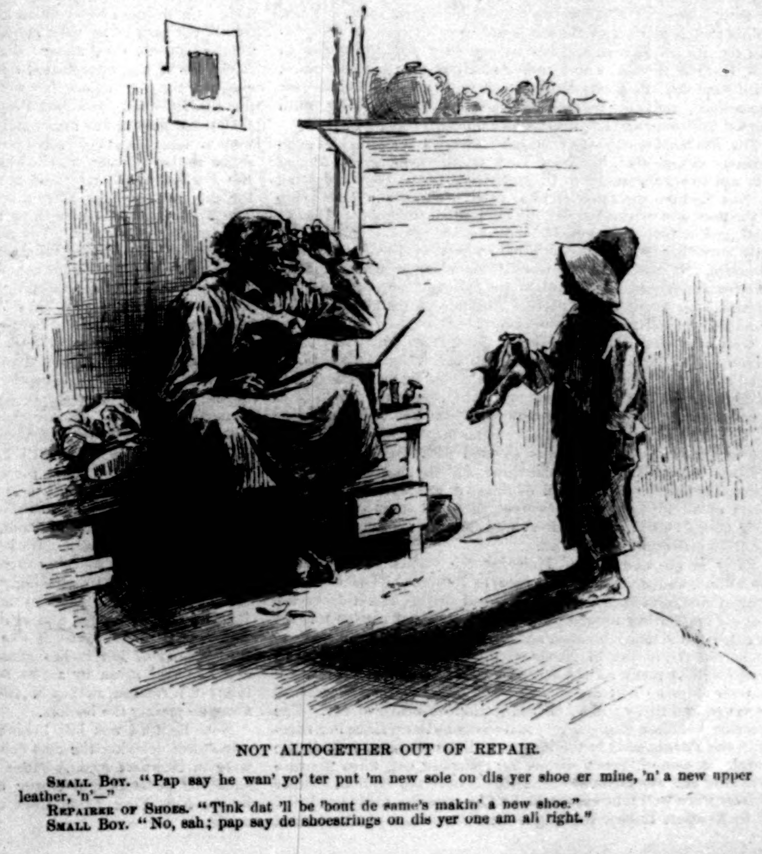
It is one of these summer nights by the sea, with its dreamy atmosphere, its soft breezes, its manifold suggestions of pleasures varying from *dolce far niente* to the moonlight sail or drive or the merry dance within the hotel parlor, that our artist has taken for the subject of his picture on page 681. He has caught the spirit of the scene well. It is familiar to all of us, or nearly all; for true to our national reputation for restlessness, there are probably very few of us who have not made one or more visits to these great caravansaries by the sea-shore that invite us so seductively to indulge in a holiday during the season when the dog-star rages. The couple in the foreground are undoubtedly engaged in that very sort of wickedness Byron alludes to, but which, iniquitous as it may be, and however fraught with calamitous possibilities, is nevertheless unquestionably the one chapter of life that we should be most unwilling to have expunged. The lady seems a little coy, but probably that is only with a view of enhancing the effect of her final surrender.

Our summer hotel life, as it may be called, is one of our habits and customs as a people that at once strikes the foreigner with amazement, and then sets him to work admiring the prodigality with which we scatter our substance during the holiday season, and the luxury with which we surround our pleasure-seeking. He stands on the "Millionaire's Piazza" at Saratoga and marvels much and long at the wealth of gilding and upholstery, the costly devices for adding to the ease and comfort of life, that are accumulated in a place which is comparatively deserted for nine months of the year. That these tremendous buildings, with their lofty corridors, wide drawing-rooms, luxurious sleeping-apartments, furnished with hot and cold water, marble baths, gas, electric bells, are closed from the first of October to the middle of June, seems to the calculating Briton, the prudent Frenchman, as the extreme of wasteful extravagance.

There is, however, a charm about hotel life that has been discovered by our American, and brought about in its development the luxurious palaces where, like Falstaff, we can not only take our ease, but can enjoy ourselves in an easy, care-free fashion that precisely suits our temperament. We have society without the trouble of entertaining, luxury without care, pleasure of every kind without the necessity of putting one's foot from under the roof where one lives. The reading-room is the centre of news, the office divulges the state of the stock-market or any great financial or business operation at any moment. Everything that humanity can ask, want, or even dream of, is here supplied if it be within the realm of possibility to do it. What wonder that we Americans, with our eager, restless, interested dispositions, delight in this way of living? How agreeable our young people find it is told in Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's watering-place story, which was so popular during its appearance as a serial in Harper's Magazine. We can imagine the envy of the secluded English girl or the convent-bred French maiden as she reads of the young American who had the whole range of our great summer resorts as a background to her love story.

There is one feature to our summer hotel life which would, however, cause great anxiety to the English matron could she put up with its ease and indulgence in other ways; that is, the presence in multitudes of what is known in Albion as the "detrimental." Jack and Tom and Charlie, bright, brave young fellows, excellent dancers, experts at lawn-tennis, well dressed, well read, and well—not bashful, but entirely impecunious, when their summer holiday comes hie away at once to the nearest watering-place. Not always are they as wise and self-denying as the young gentleman who tells his woes thus poetically:

> "Did I love her, Jack, my boy?
> Yes, with all my heart, sir.
> Two short weeks of summer joy,
> Then we had to part, sir.
>
> "Silks and jewels blushed and smiled,
> One of fashion's scholars.
> Jack, the rainbow round the child
> Cost a thousand dollars.
>
> "Summer brings us royal feasts!
> What of wintry weather?
> Butterflies and working beasts
> Can't be yoked together."

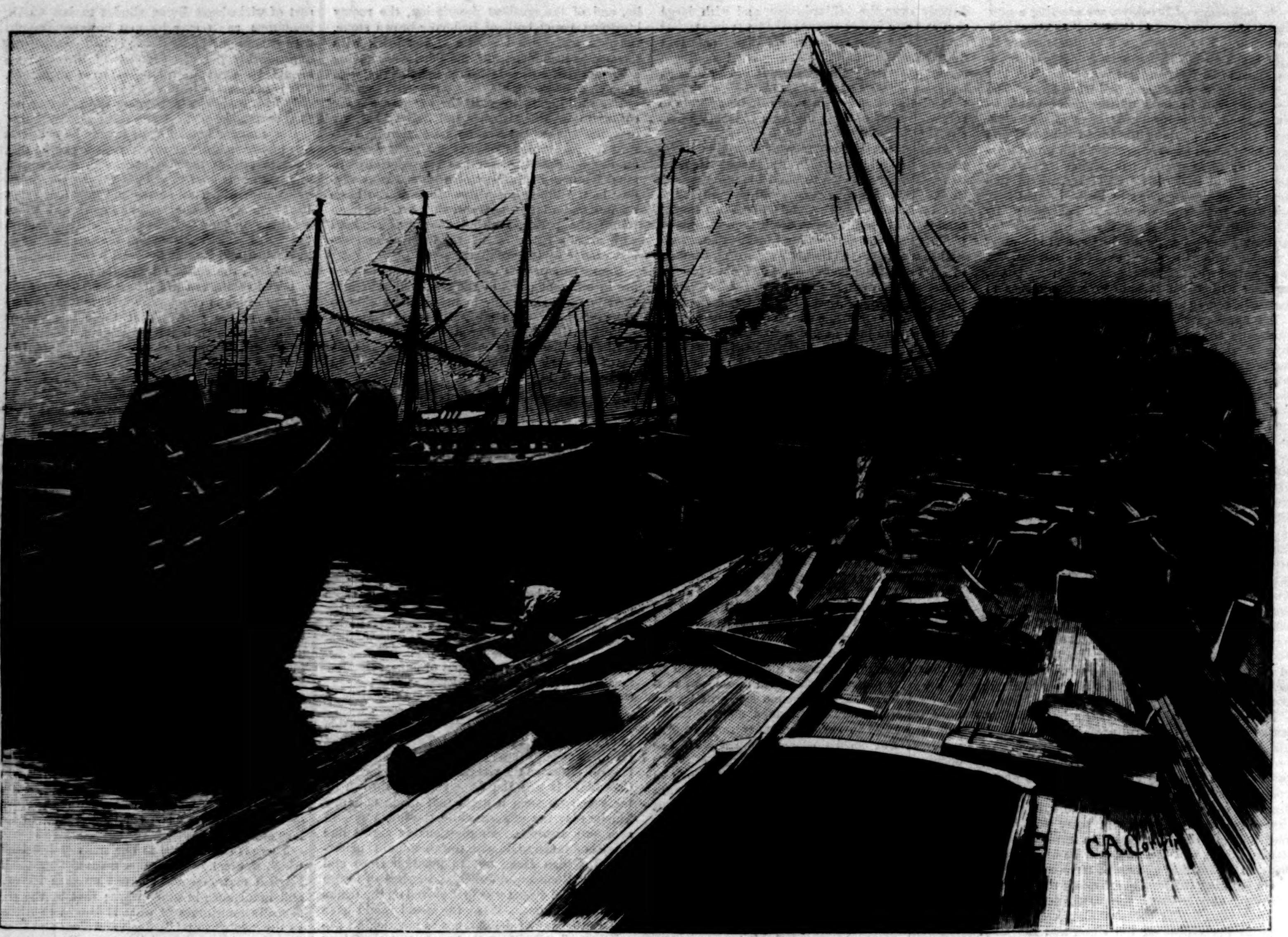


NOT ALTOGETHER OUT OF REPAIR.

Small Boy. "Pap say he wan' yo' ter put 'm new sole on dis yer shoe er mine, 'n' a new upper leather, 'n'—"

Repairer of Shoes. "Tink dat 'll be 'bout de same's makin' a new shoe."

Small Boy. "No, sah; pap say de shoestrings on dis yer one am all right."



A QUEER MARINE RESIDENCE.—Drawn by C. A. Corwin.

THE CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

Splendid yachting weather has been the rule during the middle of August. Nearly every day a good wind wafted the pleasure craft of Atlantic waters here and there, at the will of the owners, and under clear skies too. After the downpour of rain which was prevalent so long, the amateur sailors hoped for a change for the better at this time, and were not disappointed. A number of yacht clubs held their annual cruises, and in most cases were largely successful, so far as wind and weather were concerned. Day in and day out the delicious breezes held, the water was smooth, and yachtsmen and yachtswomen were delighted.

Probably there is no yachting event of the year that is of more importance to New York yachtsmen than the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club. For a month or more in advance of the day set for the start the yacht owners make preparations for their cruise. The many fast vessels belonging to New York, and, in fact, a number of Boston boats, were all ready a week before the 7th of August, and one by one they dropped anchor in New London Harbor, where the rendezvous was to take place. With each day the pretty harbor took on a more and more gala appearance, and the number of yachts increased daily until August 7th came and the fleet was complete.

The *Electra*, Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry's beautiful and commodious steam-yacht, left New York on the morning of August 7th, and steamed rapidly up through Long Island Sound, arriving in New London the same evening early. She was the flag-ship of the fleet, and carried the Regatta Committee, Commodore Gerry's staff, and a few other guests, including George L. Schuyler, the only surviving one of the original owners of the world-famed *America*. It was early in a beautiful summer evening when the *Electra* announced her arrival by the boom of her cannon. An instant later there was a perfect fusillade of cannon as yachts answered the salute of the commodore.

Over a hundred boats were in the fleet, from the stately *Alva*, which looked for all the world like an ocean steam-ship, to the smallest of the forty-foot class, and everybody in the fleet was looking forward to the morrow, when the first day's run to Newport was to be made. Night came on apace, and then the lights on the yachts began to twinkle, and the display was added to by the hotel on shore, which was covered with Chinese lanterns. Balloons were sent up from the shore, and Greek-fire and Roman candles lit up the scene until at times it was as bright as day. Boats of all kinds and shapes were riding at their anchors, and their masts looked as if a forest was standing in the water, with the trees stripped and polished.

Early in the morning of Thursday the yachts went down to the Sound, and started on the race to Newport. The wind was light at first, and then there was a good breeze, which drove the shapely craft along toward port. Every stitch of canvas was set to catch the summer breezes, and long before dark they came to anchor in the harbor of Newport. The schooners *Sea Fox* and *Grayling* had many an old score to settle, and both were sailed as their skippers best knew how. The *Grayling* was successful, however, and there was great jollification on board of her. The *Katrina* had been changed very materially as to rig since her races with the *Titania* early in the season, and was prepared to do battle royal. A host of friends wished her godspeed, and when the race was over she was credited with a victory over the *Titania*. Other classes were well represented, and a fine race was well ended.

In Newport Harbor that night there were more yachts than at New London, but the revelry of the night before was gone. Business of a serious nature was on hand. On the morrow the race for the Goelet cups was to be sailed, and all those who intended competing were getting ready. Through the night the wind freshened, and by morning there was half a gale. The sea came rolling into the harbor, and a light mist made everything damp and disagreeable. It was the gala-day of the cruise, and the *Electra* was in shape for her place. Commodore Gerry and his staff flew around from early morning, getting the craft in condition to receive the guests who had been invited to watch the races from her decks. Camp-chairs were brought up from the hold, the deck had been holy-stoned until it was as white as snow, and every bit of brass on the flag-ship shone brightly.

It was not long before the guests began to arrive, and one of the *Electra's* reception days was begun. All who received invitations were ready on time, and steam-launches darted about the harbor from yachts and from shore, carrying the ladies and gentlemen. Commodore Gerry stood at the starboard gangway and received the people as they stepped upon the deck. At least a hundred people were aboard the *Electra* when the starting time came, and as they appreciated the advantage of seeing the race as guests of the Commodore, few were late, and none was absent when the *Electra* sailed down past Fort Adams.

Outside, the sea was heavy and the wind blew hard. The boats were in many instances reefed down, and under the glorious breeze sailed as they had never sailed before in a Goelet Cup race. The *Sea Fox* turned the tables on the *Grayling* in this race, and took the cup for schooners, after a splendid race through nasty seas. The *Titania* did the same thing by the *Katrina*, and won handily over her fleet antagonist. The race over, the *Electra* steamed back to Newport in a driving rain, which ceased as soon as the yacht came to anchor. All went ashore thoroughly charmed with their day's outing. The next morning came the second day's run, which was to bring the yachts into Vineyard Haven. The wind was stronger than on the day before, and the *Constellation*, the new Burgess schooner, won first place in the run, having sailed the distance in a shorter time than it has ever been sailed before. The *Sea Fox* beat the *Grayling* into port by considerable, and at the same time beat the best previous record for the run over that distance. The *Titania* continued her victorious career, and the *Katrina* had to be content with second place in her class.

From Saturday night until Tuesday morning the fleet staid in Vineyard Haven. Racing for a series of cups was indulged in, under blue skies and with a strong breeze, on Monday, and the *Grayling* won from the *Sea Fox* by a very small margin. The *Titania* again beat the *Katrina*, and the other winners were the *Liris* and the *Quickstep*. During the interval between Saturday night and Tuesday morning there were receptions in Cottage City, strolls on the sand by moonlight, and driving about the beautiful Martha's Vineyard. Tuesday morning the fleet started for New Bedford in half a gale, and again the *Titania* beat the *Katrina*, this time very badly, and it was plainly shown that she was the fastest boat of her inches afloat. The *Grayling* again beat the *Sea Fox*, and again by a few seconds. There was considerable interest in the run, as the old *America* joined the fleet, and finished away up among the leaders.

New Bedford was left behind on Thursday morning, a heavy rain-storm delaying the fleet for a day, and that night the yachts were in Newport again. More races were sailed, and then the squadron disbanded, after the most successful cruise ever held by the New York Yacht Club, or in fact any other club in the world.

J. P. Sawyer.

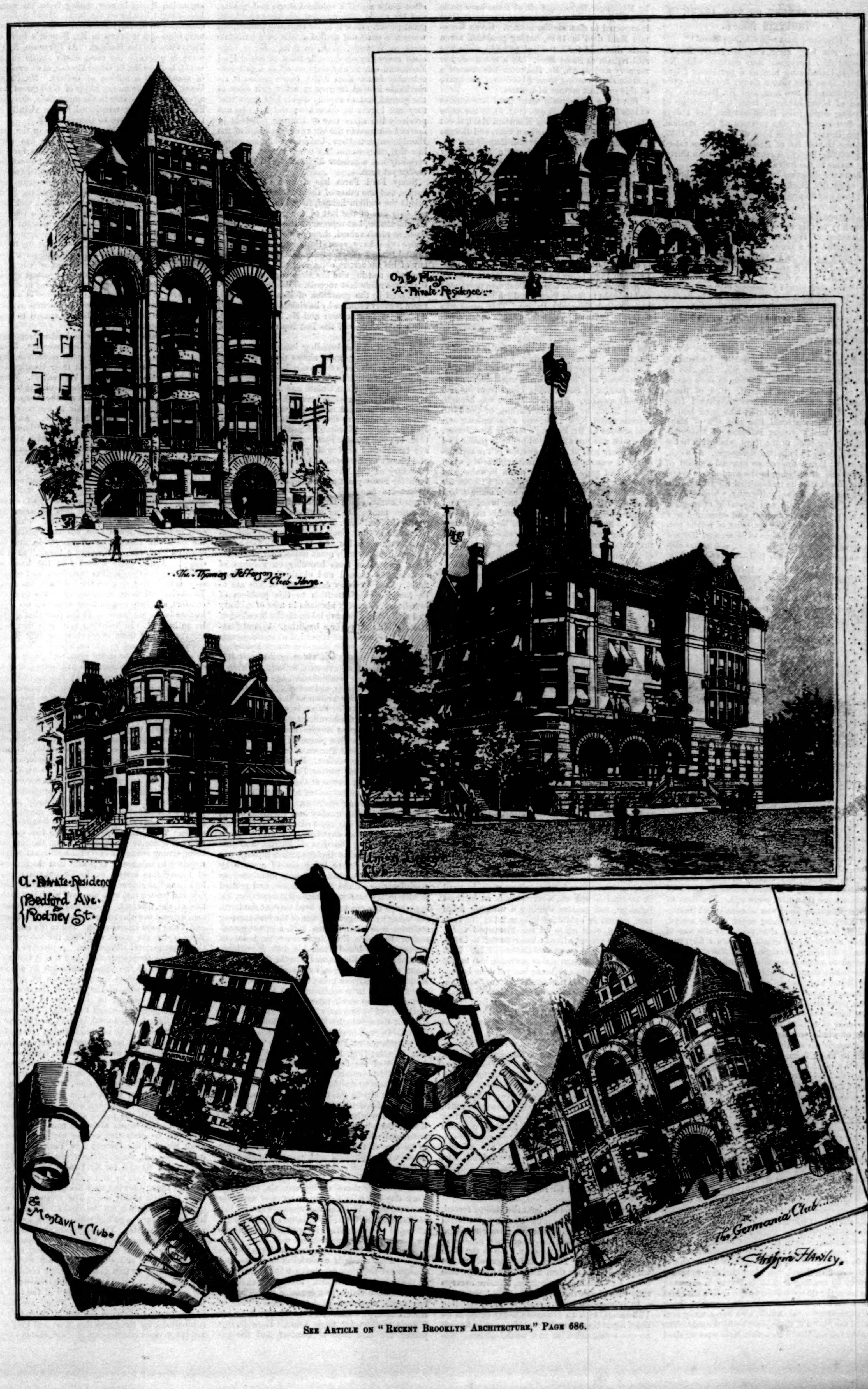
A QUEER HOME.

The dwelling here illustrated is the home which a son of Neptune, known as "Cap" York, has built for himself on the edge of the great Erie Basin, at Red Hook Point, in South Brooklyn. Not many years ago this part of the City of Churches was a huge salt quagmire, which at high tide seemed a meadow of meadow-grass, sea-weed, and the débris of a great harbor, and at low tide resolved itself into quaking mounds of black mud separated by long serpentine channels of salt-water. So dangerous was its treacherous ooze that no one ever ventured into its borders, save an occasional sportsman, a "dock rat," or a river thief. The last-named type was its lord paramount and only tenant. Here he could bid defiance to the police, and here find refuge and mysterious avenues of escape when too hotly pursued by the authorities of the law. The growth of the metropolis and its commerce at last sealed the doom of the Red Hook marshes. An army of working-men filled in great portions of the swamp, made streets, and raised great buildings in every direction; pile-drivers enclosed an immense area of land and water far out into the bay, and dredgers and other steam machinery dug out the ooze, until the heaviest-laden ship could float at any point within the enclosing breakwaters. The marsh is now a thing of the past, and the place where it once was is now known as the Erie Basin.

It is not a pretty place from any stand-point. Rows of ugly buildings, piles of cargo, and the flotsam and jetsam of the sea, vessels of all sorts, but each and all battered and worn, noisy steam-tugs and noisier laborers, are the chief features of the neighborhood. And the place is haunted by the ghost of the marsh. Gas bubbles from decaying organic matter beneath the basin keep its waters in a constant state of seeming ebullition; a vile odor of decomposition and death is everywhere, and on the surface of the water and the sides of every spile, wall, and vessel is the oily slime which appears to be secreted by ship basins the world over. The people who work there and those who live in the vicinity declare it, nevertheless, to be healthful to the highest degree, and their startling statement is apparently confirmed by amphibious swarms of vigorous children, to whom the streets and wharves, the slips and docks, are equally popular playgrounds.

Here "Cap" York has made his home. On a rickety framework, which is half pier and half bulkhead, he has built a shanty, in which he passes life very comfortably. He is a "boat cobbler" and a "marine painter" by profession, which high-sounding phrases mean that he substitutes good for rotten timber in damaged vessels, and then covers up his work with the coarse and ugly paints which characterize the civilized architecture of the sea. The "Cap's" home is not very palatial. It would be a shanty were the timbers of which it is made not so heavy and massive. It contains but one room, the basin itself being the bath-room and back yard of the establishment. A lean and ugly mongrel dog acts as house-keeper and watchman in the owner's absence, and does it so thoroughly as to make a visit very memorable to a stranger. Once past the dog, the caller easily gets a good view of the interior, which is a quaint compound of kitchen, bedroom, workshop, and cabinet of curios. Here and there is the fungoid discoloration which arises from the old marsh beneath the water and the artificial land of the basin and its environs, and both inside and outside the house is the noisome vapor which envelops Red Hook Point. "Cap" seems to thrive nevertheless, and is as rugged and healthy as he was long ago when he followed the sea for his livelihood.

William E. S. Fales.


On the Plaza
A Private Residence
The Thomas Jefferson Club House
The Union League Club
A Private Residence
Bedford Ave.
Rodney St.
The Montauk Club
Brooklyn
Clubs and Dwelling Houses
The Germania Club
Hughson Hawley.

SEE ARTICLE ON "RECENT BROOKLYN ARCHITECTURE," PAGE 686.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN TROTTING HORSE.

(*Continued from page 676, Supplement.*)

fusal. Not long after this, Mr. David Bonner brought Mr. Backman into contact with Mr. Rysdyk, introducing him as a particular friend of his; from that time a strong friendship grew up between the two men, and Mr. Backman, instead of being debarred from the privilege of breeding stock from Hambletonian, had always the first choice of the services of the stallion. When Dexter became king of the turf in 1867, and the service fee of Hambletonian was raised to $500, Mr. Backman sent no fewer than thirty-two mares to the horse during one season.

From the time that he went actively into breeding stock, Mr. Backman had but one ambition, and that was to produce at his farm a colt which should become the fastest trotter in the world; and the consideration of financial benefit was but secondary to this strong desire. Knowing that the fastest of Hambletonian's get were out of mares sired by a horse called Seely's American Star, who had been in Orange County until his death in 1861, Mr. Backman was continually on the lookout for a dam of that strain of blood. He had no difficulty in procuring many mares certified by their owners to have been got by Seely's stallion, but in many cases it was found that the pedigree was entirely false. This was a serious drawback to scientific breeding, but Mr. Backman went bravely on, weeding out stock of doubtful pedigree, selling them for whatever they would bring in the market, and carefully husbanding whatever he knew to be *bona fide*. He also invested in some stallions, choosing in each case a son of Hambletonian himself. One of these, named Messenger Duroc, was purchased from David R. Feagles, of Chester, who bred him in 1865. In the maternal line this son of Hambletonian has a strong infusion of thorough-bred, running back in the third generation to the Bertholf Horse by imported Messenger. As a colt, Messenger Duroc showed an unusual amount of vitality, and, after being in the stud a few years, it was found that he transmitted the trotting instinct with remarkable uniformity, while his colts were of such a mild and tractable disposition that they were easily trained, and developed to a high rate of speed. The statistics of public performances show that fifteen of Messenger Duroc's get have records of 2.30 or better, and he has also got a pacing mare—Lady Hill—who appeared on the turf last year and got a record of 2.22.

During the twenty-five years of its existence, Stony Ford Farm has been a bulwark of the breeding interest in the North, and its influence has extended to all parts of the land. Perhaps the most important thing it has accomplished has been the increased attention it has attracted in the matter of the selection of broodmares. There was a time, even in the days of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, when little or no stress was laid on the breeding of a dam, providing the colt had been got by a sire that had proved his ability to beget speed. Mr. Backman, while he was keenly alive to the value of Hambletonian, was equally anxious that the mares mated to him or his own stallions should be good individually, and descended from the best stock. As before stated, he met many reverses in his early experience, chiefly through the dishonesty of those who foisted false pedigrees upon him; but he has persevered until he has lived to see the tide turn—until there is, if anything, too much attention given to quality and breeding of dams. Of the many mares owned or bred at Stony Ford, one deserves special mention. This is Green Mountain Maid (Fig. 4), who has earned the distinction of having produced more trotters with records of 2.30 or faster than any mare living or dead. Green Mountain Maid was bred at Middletown, Orange County, New York, a few miles from Stony Ford, in 1862. Her sire, Harry Clay, was descended from Andrew Jackson, and was a famous trotter and sire of trotters more than fifty years ago. The dam of Green Mountain Maid was a mare called Shanghai Mary, whose breeding could not be traced, though it was at one time supposed she was of nearly thorough-bred origin. When a filly, running by the side of her dam, Green Mountain Maid showed an unusual amount of trotting speed, and grew to be a shapely, beautiful mare. An accident befell her while being broken to harness, which prevented her from being trained, and Mr. Backman purchased her when she was quite young. The history of this mare shows her to have been the dam of no less than seventeen foals, every one of which possessed the ability to trot fast, and nearly all of them became famous on the turf or stock farm. She was first bred to Middletown, a son of Hambletonian, and the produce, a mare called Storm, was herself used as a broodmare, and at the age of seventeen years was taken up, trained, and driven to a record of 2.26½. After that Green Mountain Maid was bred to Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and the produce was a bay colt, foaled in 1868, called Electioneer (Fig. 6). When this stallion had been kept at Stony Ford for some years, he was sold to Leland Stanford, the present United States Senator from California, and taken to his stock farm at Menlo Park. Since that time Electioneer has become one of the most famous and successful of trotting sires, having got thirty-seven foals that have trotted miles ranging in time from 2.30 to 2.16, with one pacer that has a record of 2.23½. Aided by the splendid climate of the Pacific slope, the get of Electioneer have developed speed at a very early age, and they now hold the champion records of one, two, and four years, while a three-year-old filly, Sunol, that electrified the breeding world by trotting in 2.18 last year, is expected to lower the three-year-old record before the close of 1889, in spite of the recent performance of her contemporary rival, Axtell, who has already lowered the record at three years by 3½ seconds. The other foals of Green Mountain Maid were all sired by Messenger Duroc, and six of these have made records faster than 2.30, and one more at least is expected to earn similar honors. Green Mountain Maid died in 1888, having produced seven foals that sold for a total of $68,830, while five still remain at Stony Ford. As a tribute to her memory and worth, Mr. Backman has erected a marble shaft costing some $1500 over the grave of this greatest mother of trotters.

But there still remain many good broodmares at this farm. Hattie Hogan (Fig. 5), by the same Harry Clay that got Green Mountain Maid, is out of a mare by Seely's American Star, and though now twenty-two years old, is still shapely and vigorous, and this spring produced a filly foal by Kentucky Prince. She has now had seventeen foals, thirteen of which are still living. Her oldest colt, Hogarth, by Messenger Duroc, made the best record for four-year-old stallions by trotting in 2.26 at that age, and Mr. Backman believes that his dam will prove as great a broodmare as Green Mountain Maid herself. Two sisters of Dexter, Lady Dexter, now twenty-eight years old, and Alma, eleven years younger, are still living, the latter being used for breeding. Lady Dexter is too old to produce any more stock, her last colt, foaled in 1886, being by Kentucky Prince (Fig. 7).

About eleven years ago Mr. Backman purchased and brought to Stony Ford a stallion bred in Kentucky called Kentucky Prince. This horse was foaled in 1870, and was got by Clark Chief, a son of Mambrino Chief. Clark Chief was a horse of unusual excellence, and during his short life of ten years left a strain of trotters greatly valued in Kentucky. Through his dam, Kentucky Queen, Kentucky, Prince has a strong infusion of thorough-bred, as she was by Morgan Eagle, with other strains of fast-running blood from his maternal ancestors. Kentucky Prince was brought to the North by Mr. A. B. Darling, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and after making several seasons at Mr. Darling's farm in New Jersey, where he was not advertised or made public as a sire, he was sold at public auction in the metropolis. It was during the commercial crisis, when horses had gone down very much in value, and when Mr. Backman gave upwards of $10,000 for the stallion, he was thought to have made a bad bargain. But he had faith in the breeding and appearance of Kentucky Prince, and in the eleven years he has been at Stony Ford he has become one of the most famous of living sires. His chief reputation has come through the performances of the black gelding Guy (Fig. 9), foaled at Stony Ford in 1880. Guy's dam was Flora Gardener, one of the daughters of Seely's American Star that Mr. Backman had secured. Flora Gardener had produced a filly by Kentucky Prince in 1879, and Mr. Backman reserved her as a broodmare. The colt of 1880 was so small that he was sent to a public sale in New York, where he was purchased by a horseman from Cleveland for a small amount and taken to that city. On being broken he showed great natural speed, and soon after was sold to W. J. Gordon, a wealthy patron of the trotting turf with a fine estate just outside of Cleveland. Mr. Gordon was over-anxious to see his colt go fast, and, as a result, his disposition was nearly ruined. Guy's hot blood would not brook being handled as his driver saw fit, and his first appearance on the turf in single harness was a failure. Though he showed his own gait equal to a mile in 2.00, he would not trot in company with other horses. He was more tractable when hitched double, and along with Mr. Gordon's speedy gelding Clingstone appeared in 1885, and the pair trotted several times faster than 2.20. Then Guy was little heard of until 1888, when he had been coaxed into better behavior by a young man who was in Mr. Gordon's employ. In his first race at Detroit, in July, he distanced all of his opponents in the first heat, trotting in 2.16½. The next week, at Cleveland, he started in the series of meetings known as the Grand Trotting Circuit, and continued to be a sensation, sometimes winning easily, and at others failing entirely, until he reached New York, where he was on his best behavior, and besides winning a valuable stake race, trotted an exhibition mile in 2.12½, the fastest record ever made on the Fleetwood track. Late in the season, after he had returned to Cleveland, Guy trotted on two occasions in 2.12. That he possesses sufficient ability to enable him to trot a faster mile than any horse has yet done is generally admitted, and the large amount of thorough-bred in his breeding should enable him to sustain the effort for the required distance. During the month of July, this year, Guy trotted a trial in 2.11½, and during the recent race meeting at Cleveland, August 1st, he reduced his record to 2.10¾, and he will doubtless make further attempts against time during the present season. It will not be surprising if he eclipses all previous performances, for many expert horsemen think he is equal to a mile in 2.07 or faster. Up to the present time there are but two horses with faster trotting records than his, namely, Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See. Jay-Eye-See was the trotting wonder a few years ago, when he made a record at five years of 2.10, and wore the crown for a brief twenty-four hours, till Maud S. won it back; and it is said that the fleet little gelding, who combines the blood of Hambletonian and Pilot, Jr., will be on the turf again this season, after having been absent for some time through lameness.

Even if Guy should not beat the present record, Kentucky Prince will continue to be a wonderful sire of speed. His colts are uniformly fast, and already his sons and daughters are producing speed in the second generation. Up to the close of 1888 Kentucky Prince had eleven of his get with records better than 2.30, their average rate being 2.22 and a small fraction, a faster average than that of any trotting sire.

In appearance he is a massive horse, standing 15.3 hands, with an unusually heavy body set on short legs. He weighs nearly 1300 pounds, though no one would think so at a casual glance. His stout limbs are of a splendid shape and quality, and his whole conformation betokens speed and great power. He was never regularly trained, but when five years old trotted a mile on a half-mile track at Waverly, N. J., in 2.28. He is exercised every day on the mile track at Stony Ford Farm, and can at any time set off at a gait considerably faster than 2.30. Guy's action is remarkable in that he goes at a low gait close to the ground, but so rapidly do his legs move that they can hardly be discerned; and his sire has precisely the same way of trotting. This is in marked contrast to the big sweeping stride of the Hambletonian trotters; but were all horses gaited like Guy, they would last much longer, while he certainly has a greater flight of speed than any trotter yet seen.

Stony Ford Farm has a host of well-bred horses, and one other of them deserves mention; this is the stallion Leland, foaled in 1875, who is not only one of the last of the get of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, but represents the American Star cross, so much valued, through his dam Imogene. Those who have seen Hambletonian say that Leland bears a greater resemblance to him than any of his numerous colts, and this scion of the champion trotting sire has already got three foals that have made fast records. While he is overshadowed by the greatness of Kentucky Prince, there is every reason why he should himself found a family of fast horses; and Mr. Backman cherishes him as one of the last representatives of his wonderful sire.

A review of the breeding interest as it concerns the trotting horse shows that the former desultory producing of an occasional trotter has grown to be a vast business interest, to be found in every State of the Union, and in which many millions of dollars are invested. An ordinary stock farm is worth about $20,000, while there are many valued in the hundreds of thousands. Besides the model establishment at Stony Ford (Fig. 12), the Empire State has many others that are being conducted with profit to the owners and benefit to the breed of trotters. The present Secretary of the Navy, Benjamin F. Tracy, has been for many years a practical breeder, and had collected a fine stud at his farm at Apalachin, Tioga County, which he disposed of when called to enter public life as a member of the President's Cabinet. Mr. Tracy is a firm believer in the value of the blood of Mambrino Chief, especially through his son Woodford Mambrino, who got trotters with great uniformity, and after being cast aside from breeding on account of disease, was trained and obtained a record of 2.21½. Men in every department of life are to be found giving attention to this problem of breeding. Kentucky abounds in men of military and civil fame who have taken up the breeding of trotters as a pastime or a business. Leland Stanford, of California, has expended an immense sum in stocking and equipping his ranch known as Palo Alto, an account of which would itself furnish material for an extended article. Within a few years a similar establishment has been founded near the metropolis, at Parkville, Long Island, on the fine driveway known as the Coney Island Boulevard. Parkville Farm is owned by John H. Shults, a wealthy merchant of Brooklyn, and he has already spent several hundreds of thousands of dollars on the place. His chief stallion is the Kentucky-bred Pancoast, for whom he paid $28,000 at public auction. Pancoast is the sire of the phenomenal trotter Patron, who made a record of 2.14¼ in a race at the age of five years, and was at one time expected to lower the champion record among stallions. Mr. Shults lays great value on the quality and breeding of his broodmares, and has secured some of the best dams to be found anywhere. Among them is Beatrice (Fig. 8), the dam of Patron, and this mare has the blood of Hambletonian through her sire Cuyler, the latter being out of a mare by Harris's Hambletonian, previously mentioned as a predecessor of the Rysdyk horse, and related to him in the maternal line. Mayenne (Fig. 10) is perhaps the most richly bred mare at the farm, she being by Wedgewood, one of the best trotting stallions ever seen on the turf, a great-grandson of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, with a lot of thorough-bred blood from his dam Woodbine. Mayenne's dam, Bicara, was also the dam of Pancoast, and she was got by Harold, the sire of Maud S., her pedigree being therefore replete with ancestors that have achieved great things on the turf and at the stock farm. Mayenne was formerly owned by Secretary Tracy, who sold her and her colt Crescendo, by Mambrino Dudley, to Mr. Shults. Of well-bred young trotters there is also an abundance at Parkville Farm. The brown colt, Pandect (Fig. 11), foaled in 1887, by Pancoast, out of the famous broodmare Reina Victoria, by Hambletonian, is a fine specimen of what may be done by careful selection in breeding.

In every city in the United States numbers of these well-bred modern trotters are owned by wealthy men who are fond of a fast roadster. Robert Bonner set an example more than thirty years ago which has been followed, and found to be one of the most healthy recreations for those whose physical and mental powers are heavily taxed by extensive business or professional cares. Elegant and costly stables have been built for these choice animals, and New York city has a half-dozen or more of veritable horse palaces. William Rockefeller (Figs. 13, 14), of Standard Oil fame, has a large and splendidly arranged stable on West Fifty-fifth Street, where he keeps four or five trotters that have either fast records or have shown their ability to acquire them. This stable is a model of neatness, and though not the most expensive, would be accorded the palm by a horseman. John D. Rockefeller has a smaller stable just opposite, where he too has some very fast roadsters. Very near is Robert Bonner's stable, where he has kept his famous trotters for many years. Here Dexter passed the last days in comfort, and the ex-champion Rarus is now resting from his many hard-fought battles on the turf. Maud S. has a capacious stall, where she remains till early summer, when she is taken to Mr. Bonner's farm at Tarrytown on the Hudson. At Syracuse, N. Y., there is probably the most costly stable in the world, built by Mr. D. Edgar Crouse, at an expense of about half a million of dollars. Mr. Frank Work, one of the money kings of Wall Street, has a very elaborate stable in the metropolis, situated, like those already mentioned, in the vicinity of the southern entrance to Central Park.

If great advances have been made in the generation of the trotting horse, there has been no less progress in the artificial aids for improving his gait and developing his powers for racing purposes. The crude two-wheeled vehicle in which the trotters of seventy-five years ago performed has given way to a sulky of the lightest possible weight, but still substantial, and running-gear has been invented to reduce friction to a minimum. The old-fashioned straight axle has outlived its usefulness, and the modern sulky has that part so curved and raised that the horse can be hitched close to it and still have free scope for the tremendous strides of his hind parts that enable him to attain his greatest speed. These sulkies are made by several firms in different parts of the country, and as there is a constant demand for them, and a spirited rivalry between the makers, no effort is spared to produce a first-class article.

In the matter of harness and other trappings there has also been a marked improvement. Trotting being a gait requiring much education, few horses can be trained unless their mouths are under control and their heads kept steady. What with bitting appliances and check-reins that give the driver complete mastery over the trotter, the latter has been made amenable to teaching that otherwise would be almost impossible. Another important advance is in what is called "booting" a trotter. It is a rare thing, even with all the care in breeding, to find a horse that can quicken his stride at the trot without his feet or legs hitting some other part of these members. Some, for instance, with that open gait that carries the hind legs past the front legs, rub or strike in passing; while others, with a closer gait, sometimes place one of the hind legs between the fore ones, causing a similar contact. This not only causes the horse pain, but the violence of the blow will throw him off his stride, and he changes to a run, or "makes a break," as it is called. Again, some horses fold the knee so much that the shoe strikes the elbow, and others step on their feet, or grab the hoof with the shoe. To obviate all these hinderances to the trotter's comfort, and help him to keep steady on his legs, leather boots are made to fit the part that might be so injured. In breaking colts it is now customary to boot them everywhere, so that if the youngster happens to hit anywhere in learning to use his limbs, he is not hurt, and gains confidence in himself. Sometimes a defective or awkward gait can be corrected by shoeing the feet so that the horse is able to keep his balance in going fast. A great deal of attention has been given to the subject of shoeing trotters, and their feet have received more care than those of their fellow-racers, the thorough-bred runners. The most important invention designed to aid the trotter in handling his feet is the toe-weight. Before its introduction, when a horse was defective in his gait forward, when he stepped so high with his front feet that a lot of force was wasted, or when his stride was too short in proportion to that of his hind parts, the only remedy lay in putting additional weight in the shoe, causing the leg to shoot out straighter, and thus lengthen the stride. This heavy leverage on the foot caused many a horse to break down early, the leg not being strong enough to carry the additional weight required to balance. It is said that the first use of toe-weights known in the United States was by a Canadian driver who brought a horse to Buffalo and trotted him with pieces of wood tied to the toes of the forefeet. Some quick-witted American drivers saw the value of the crude appliance, and it was soon improved on; and to the late Dan Mace is due the credit of giving the toe-weights their first general recognition. A piece of brass or copper is frequently used, and this is fastened at the point of the shoe, sometimes by a spur attached to the shoe itself, or again by drilling a hole in the wall of the foot at the toe and attaching the weight to the shoe by a screw-thread projecting through the hole. This latter method, though often used, is risky, as the sensitive inner foot may be injured thereby. So useful has the toe-weight become that it is the exception to find a trotter on whom it has not been used at some time. It is found that an ounce of weight at the toe is equal to about three ounces distributed over the foot by the shoe, and hundreds of horses have been improved in gait by its use. Maud S. herself was driven with them, and made her record with the pieces of metal fastened on her toes. Sometimes after the gait is corrected they can be discarded, or the weight lessened. John Murphy, the famous New York driver, recently deceased, stated to the writer, in 1887, that in handling Maud S. for Mr. Bonner he found she could use her feet as well without the toe-weight as with them, showing that her gait had become fixed by their steady use. The trotter that requires toe-weights is not the ideal animal, and unless he can learn to go fast without them, has little value as a roadster. There are other horses, such as the gray gelding Jack, the greatest winner last season, that are so pure-gaited that they can go without weights or boots; indeed, Jack was shod only in "tips," or thin plates covering about half the foot, and he could trot as fast barefooted but for the danger of injuring the wall of the foot at the toe, where it is thinnest. There are some horsemen who advocate the use of these tips as a substitute for the regulation shoe, but they are not apt to come into too common use, as it is a rare thing to find a horse whose feet are so high at the heel that he can wear tips without injury to the foot and leg.

Added to these many appliances, the course or track on which the trotter is driven has been greatly improved. It has been found that the best shape is that of the lengthened ellipse, which gives the most straightway surface possible in making the mile in a circuit. The turns or curves are graded sidewise so that the sulky keeps its centre of gravity more easily than on a flat track, and there is the least possible interference with the natural poise of the horse. There are scores of these mile tracks now in the country, whereas they were very few in number thirty years ago. By actual tests it has been found that such tracks as those at Cleveland, Ohio, Hartford, Connecticut, Providence, Rhode Island, Poughkeepsie, New York, Lexington, Kentucky, and other important trotting centres enable a horse to trot several seconds faster than the old-fashioned flat tracks. The surface of these race-courses is carefully attended to, and by rolling, scraping, watering, and other means the footing is rendered of the best advantage to the horse. Wet weather is the *bête noire* of the trotting turfite, for it is apt to render the track unfit and unsafe for the harness racer, while the runners go on in spite of these elements.

CAMP SHERIDAN, MOUNT GRETNA, PENNSYLVANIA.

It is now the recognized policy of the regular army to encourage the closest possible relations between it and the National Guard of the several States. To this end, regular army officers are sent on application of the Governors of the several States to visit the summer camps of the National Guard, and where possible, troops are sent to go into camp with the troops of the Guard. The State of Pennsylvania is one of the few large States in which there is no regular army post, and for this reason troops must be sent from a distance. In recent years General Sheridan showed the greatest interest in Pennsylvania soldiery, visiting the division encampments at Gettysburg in 1884, and again at Mount Gretna in 1887. It was therefore natural to honor the most distinguished American cavalry leader by naming the first joint camp of the National Guard mounted troops of Pennsylvania and of the regular service Camp Sheridan.

After the riots of 1877 the old militia system of Pennsylvania was abandoned, and the present organization, originated by General John F. Hartranft, then Governor of the State, was made. On leaving the Gubernatorial office he became the natural selection for Major-General, and under his soldierly and skilful management the division now stands as a working model for the National Guard of all other States, and for the younger officers of the regular army to visit for observation and instruction. The National Guard of Pennsylvania consists of a division of infantry, comprising fifteen regiments, and a battalion divided into three brigades, to each of which are attached a troop of cavalry and a battery of artillery. The Guard goes successively into division, brigade, and regimental camps. This is the year for regimental camps, and consequently the three troops of cavalry and three batteries of artillery were consolidated into two battalions, and ordered to camp at Mount Gretna, under the command of Colonel T. J. Hudson, Chief of Artillery on the Governor's staff. It was a happy thought of Governor Beaver to suggest the presence in Pennsylvania of the available mounted troops of the regular army, and equally fortunate that the foresight of Adjutant-General Hastings secured the use of Mount Gretna for the summer instruction of regular troops as well as the National Guard.

Mount Gretna is the name given by Mr. Robert A. Coleman, the liberal and wealthy iron king of Lebanon Valley, to a tract of land covering over five thousand acres. It is located about thirty miles southeast of Harrisburg, surrounded by spurs of the Blue Ridge, and is well adapted and equipped for such a camp. There is an excellent State target range about a mile from the main camp, and water is piped to each company street for the use of men and horses. The two troops of cavalry at Fort Myer, Virginia; Light Battery C, Third Artillery, Washington Barracks; Light Battery B, Fourth Artillery, Fort Adams, Newport, Rhode Island; and Light Battery F, Fifth Artillery, Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, marched to Mount Gretna, arriving there about August 5th. The Fort Adams battery came to New York by water, and marched the remainder of the distance. The exercises of the regular troops during the joint encampment were ordered to be such as should be of the greatest instruction to the State troops as well as to the regular troops. Immediately after the arrival of the State troops, schools of instruction were instituted in tactics, and the week's hard work began in dead earnest. The camps were adjoining, and the daily intercourse between officers and enlisted men of the different organizations was an evidence of the good-will existing between the regulars and National Guardsmen. Daily drills were held by the regulars in company and battalion drill. They also brought with them the skirmish target and a full riding-school outfit of head and ring posts, and during the week illustrated the use of them. One evening a party of non-commissioned officers of a regular battery showed the National Guardsmen how to throw a horse; in another street a sergeant of Captain Lawton's troop was entertaining a group with recitals of Indian service in Arizona; while along Officers' Row a lieutenant who had "topogged" the line of march was showing his map and notes to a number of visitors.

On Wednesday of last week the five troops of cavalry were consolidated under Colonel Carpenter, and the first of a series of most excellent battalion drills was held. Two of the regular battalions are armed with the new 3.2-inch breech-loading guns, and two of the National Guard battalions had each a Gatling section. The use of these guns was shown to each other, and in the latter part of the week the first practice by the regular artillery with the breech-loaders was held. The results of the camp fully confirm the judgment of its originators, and the lessons learned cannot but be of lasting benefit to the mounted troops of Pennsylvania. After the termination of the joint encampment the regular troops will remain at Mount Gretna for further instruction, a most important part of which will be the firing practice of the three field batteries under charge of Major Wallace F. Randolph, Third Artillery, division inspector of artillery target practice.

MEN WHO CONTROL MILLIONS.

II.—A GROUP OF LIFE-ASSURANCE PRESIDENTS.

HENRY B. HYDE.

Henry B. Hyde was born in Catskill, New York, on the 15th of February, 1834, and is therefore now fifty-five years old. His father, Henry H. Hyde, was the general manager in New England of the Mutual Life-insurance Company of New York. He was a man of great influence, and did more, perhaps, than any other man of his day to bring the people to appreciate the true dignity and wide beneficence of genuine life-assurance. The son, Henry B. Hyde, came to New York when he was twenty years old to make his own way in life. He was at first for a while in the dry-goods business, but afterward took a position in the Mutual Life office, subsequently rising to the position of cashier of that company. In this position he studied the business of life-assurance as it was then practised, and becoming convinced that its usefulness could be greatly increased by certain reforms, he conceived the idea of founding a new company by means of which these reforms could be carried out. In these plans he was warmly supported by his father; and having gained the active co-operation of some influential citizens, in 1859 he resigned his position in the Mutual, and organized the Equitable Life-assurance Society of the United States, of which he became the vice-president and general manager, and of which he is now the president.

Mr. Hyde's personal appearance is very striking. He is a man of fine physique, over six feet high, with a large, strongly knit frame, but with no superfluous flesh. He is a man of great physical strength and nervous vigor, and would in a crowd attract the attention of casual observers, even if they did not come within the influence of his personal magnetism and the glance of his searching eye. He has a clear complexion and a healthy color. In his younger days the play of expression in his face was enhanced by the movements of a well-formed and sensitive mouth, which is now concealed by a dark mustache touched with gray. His hair, which was until recently nearly black, is now dark gray. His appearance indicates at once the iron constitution with which he is endowed. He has shown wonderful endurance, and has from boyhood exhibited untiring energy in his business. One of his prominent characteristics is his immense capacity for work, and he never spares himself. His active mind dwells almost constantly on his cherished work; and the memoranda which he makes after business hours, and often far into the night, serve, when dictated to his stenographer the next day at his office, to spur to the highest point of activity every part of the vast organization of which he is the head. He is characterized also by the most indomitable perseverance, courage, and intrepidity. Nothing daunts him, and no difficulty seems too great for his fertility of resource.

His power of grasping the details of his work is very remarkable, and it is noted that he seldom forgets any object which he wishes to accomplish; but if he meets with difficulty, returns again and again to it, until obstacles are overcome and his plans accomplished. Like other leaders of men, he shows great knowledge of human nature, and manifests it in selecting men for the work which he allots to them. He has, moreover, in a remarkable degree the power of impressing his own characteristics upon his assistants, and of arousing them to the full exertion of all their capacities. The impress of his own strong will pervades all the work of the society, and has earned for him an influence which is felt throughout the entire world of life-assurance business. His manner is direct and decisive, and he expresses himself very forcibly and to the point. His judgment is quick, and seems to be almost intuitive. He is decided both in his likes and dislikes; but while he is faithful and firm as a friend, he is also magnanimous and perfectly capable of forgiveness and kindness to an enemy.

The cherished work of Mr. Hyde's life has been the building up of the Equitable Life-assurance Society from its modest beginnings in 1859 to the imposing position which now, in its thirtieth year, it occupies as a leading company. It is only necessary to read its annual statements of work accomplished to see what a monument it is to Mr. Hyde's energy and genius.

On December 31, 1859, the assurance in force on the books of the society amounted to a little over *one million dollars*. To-day it amounts to over six hundred millions. On December 31, 1859, its assets were a little over $100,000. To-day they are, in round numbers, *one hundred millions*. It wrote during the year 1888 nearly *one hundred and fifty-four millions* of new assurance. Its surplus over and above all liabilities, including the four per cent. reserve, was on December 31, 1888, nearly *twenty-one millions of dollars*. It has paid to its policy-holders within twenty-nine and a half years $118,494,750.

Mr. Hyde thus enjoys the good fortune, granted to few men who have accomplished so much, of seeing with his own eyes the triumph of the principles which he has advocated, and the vast beneficence which has thus far resulted from them. But every year adds to the magnitude of these results, and no man can predict how much greater fruits of his labors he may yet witness. Outside of his business office Mr. Hyde is a genial, pleasant companion, and a man of domestic tastes. His family consists of his wife, one son, and a married daughter.

RICHARD A. McCURDY.

A man who can in a single year, by personal application and individual fitness for his work, increase the business of his company by over forty millions of dollars, is not likely to remain unknown to the general public. This Mr. Richard A. McCurdy, president of the Mutual Life-insurance Company, has done, and has fairly earned the distinction which such an achievement carries with it. Mr. McCurdy has been a diligent man all his life, sparing no effort or labor where the accomplishment of a purpose was concerned. Yet, like most successful workers, he enjoys, and enjoys elegantly, considerable leisure. He was born in this city fifty-four years ago, and was admitted to the bar in 1856. He cut short his collegiate course at Harvard because of his impatience to be married, but took a course in the Law School of that university, studying at the same time in Governor Andrew's office in Boston, and deferred the wedding until he was a full-fledged lawyer. His wife is a daughter of the late Mr. Charles C. Little, of Boston. His admission to the bar was from the office of David Dudley Field, and shortly after it he formed a partnership with Mr. William Betts, Jun. Afterward, this partnership having been dissolved, he joined his business with that of the Hon. Lucius Robinson.

As a part of the general practice which Mr. McCurdy easily acquired, he devoted much time and attention to the rapidly growing business of the company he now controls. Within four years of his admission he was unanimously elected as its attorney, and his connection with it has never been interrupted. In 1865 he became its vice-president, and twenty years later, on the death of the venerable Mr. Winston, he was chosen president. Aside, however, from the arduous duties he assumed in the service of the company, Mr. McCurdy has accomplished many important works. He collaborated with Mr. W. H. Forman in editing Kent's Commentaries before he was thirty years of age, and in the work he then did gave ample evidence of his ripe judgment, sound knowledge, and literary ability. This last qualification has been demonstrated by numerous productions entirely outside the dry field of legal authorship. Sentimental poems, cynical yet pleasant sketches, and clever bits of fiction in the difficult short-story form, which have appeared from time to time over his signature, attest his versatility, and have led to the remark that the great gain to the business world accruing from his choice of a pursuit was a real loss to literature. Not only has he done clever work in light literature, however, he has also published a number of essays on business matters in the *Independent* of a character that indicates clearly the strength and perspicacity of the successful business man, with the finish of the scholar.

Among the more practical affairs which have engaged him was the business of transfer agent for the issue and counter-signature of the stocks of New York State. He was appointed to this place by his partner, Lucius Robinson, when the latter was elected State Comptroller in 1861. At about the same time he, having descended from a Connecticut family, was chosen as one of the secretaries of the Sons of Connecticut, which association was formed for patriotic purposes at the outbreak of the war of the rebellion. He was also one of the United States commissioners of the draft in this city. Later he became a director in very many important corporations, and is still connected in that capacity with the Continental Fire-insurance Company, the International Bell Telephone Company, and the New York Bank-note Company.

Other connections that seem onerous for a man who is domestic by instinct and habit, and who spends many hours in his library, are those with numerous charitable organizations and his membership in three clubs—the Union League, the Morristown Club, in the New Jersey city where he lives, and the St. Stephen's, in London. He is an Episcopalian, and when he lived in New York was a vestryman. Now that he lives in Morris Plains, he occupies the same position there in St. Peter's Church.

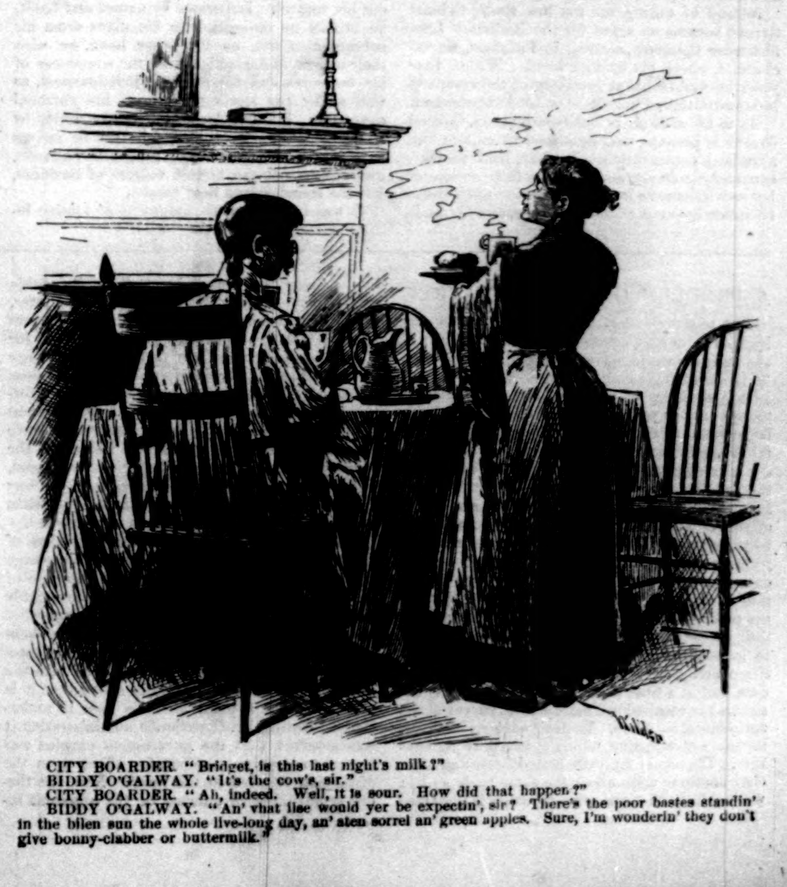
While all these things have been almost forced upon him, he has carefully avoided any active participation in politics, disliking public life so heartily as to make it almost a matter of principle to keep out of it.

Personally Mr. McCurdy is of a most genial, affable disposition, fond of the rational pleasures of life, and of a character which commands not only the respect but the warm esteem of his associates. He has travelled somewhat abroad, and is rather partial to foreign living, even going so far as to make a somewhat invidious comparison between American and French cookery, in an interview published some time ago. His disposition is equable, and more sunny than is indicated by the rather stern expression of his features. As a matter of course, his success in business comes from his talent in choosing and directing his subordinates, and this he does with rare skill. Not a single person in the employ of his company down to the humblest errand-boy fails to realize that Mr. McCurdy is his friend, and the natural consequence is that he secures the most zealous service. Manifestly he could not possibly have built up the monumental business of the Mutual Life without this faculty and without this service, for in a volume of transactions in which millions are reckoned by the hundred, the most perfect organization and the most exact discipline are absolutely requisite to success. It occurs inevitably in the conduct of such a business, also, that emergencies arise which call for fertility of resource, absolute correctness of judgment, and cool courage. In none of these particulars has Richard A. McCurdy ever been found wanting.

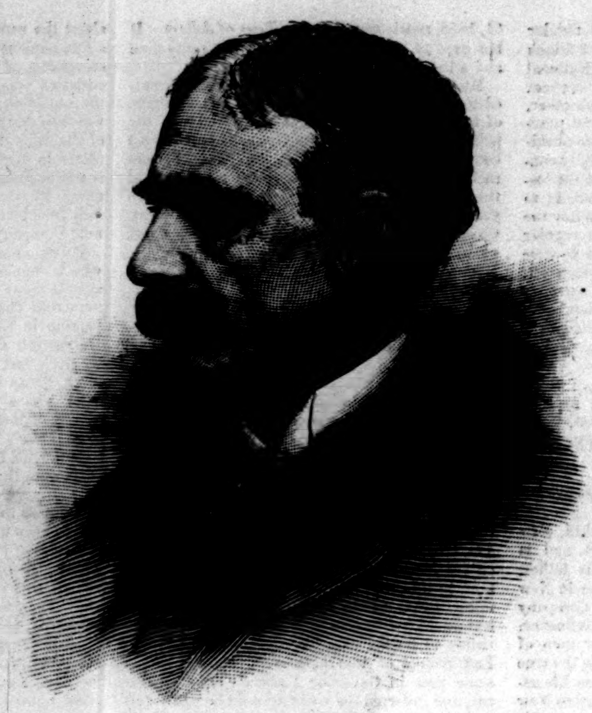
JACOB LYMAN GREENE.

Of the small group of men who command attention by reason of their control of the many millions of dollars that have been accumulated by life-insurance companies, none is a more striking figure than Colonel Jacob L. Greene, the president of the Connecticut Mutual. He is in the prime of life, not having yet completed his fifty-second year, and is as vigorous and vigilant in the performance of the daily duties that devolve upon him by reason of his position as he was when he won his commission in the army by gallantry and faithful service from the beginning of the war of the rebellion until a year after its close. It is said of him that the military habit will never leave him, and that in his business he is as precise and as thorough as he learned to be in the discharge of his duties as a soldier.

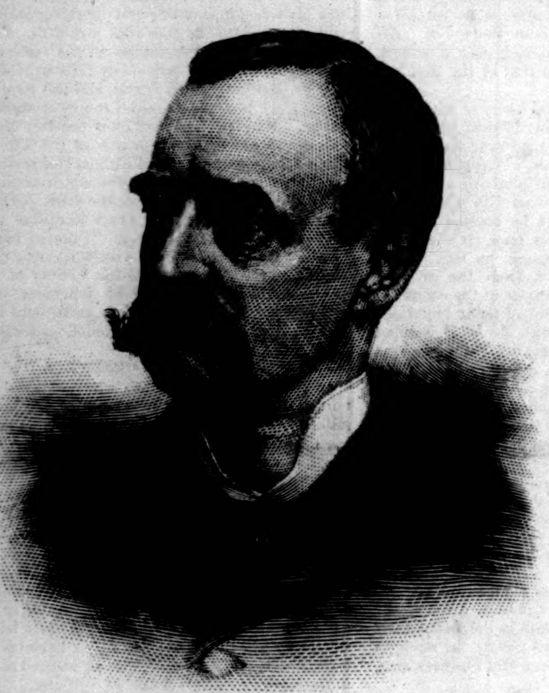
Colonel Greene is one of those Americans who may boast of their ancestry. His great-grandfather was a pioneer settler in Waterford, Maine, where Colonel Greene was born, and was an officer in the American army of the Revolution, having before that fought in the French and Ind-



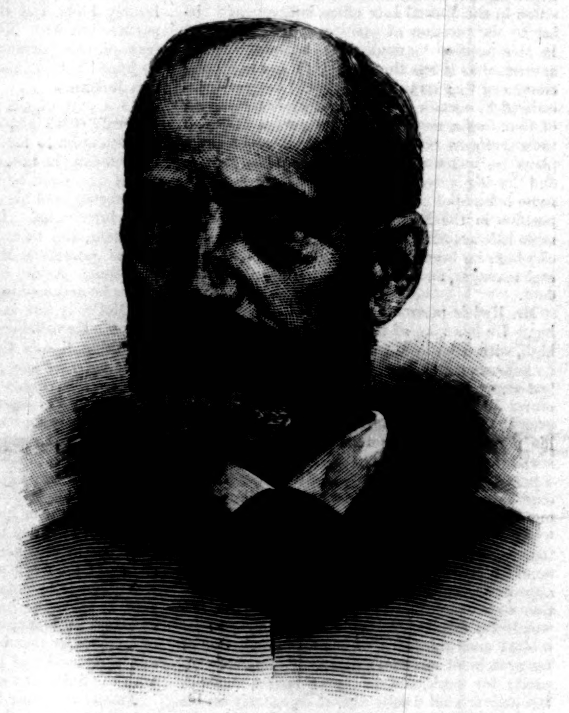
CITY BOARDER. "Bridget, is this last night's milk?"
BIDDY O'GALWAY. "It's the cow's, sir."
CITY BOARDER. "Ah, indeed. Well, it is sour. How did that happen?"
BIDDY O'GALWAY. "An' vhat ilse would yer be expectin', sir? There's the poor bastes standin' in the bilen sun the whole live-long day, an' aten sorrel an' green apples. Sure, I'm wonderin' they don't give bonny-clabber or buttermilk."



HENRY B. HYDE, PRESIDENT OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE-ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ.



RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.



JACOB LYMAN GREENE, PRESIDENT OF THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

ian war of 1755. He was distinguished for bravery and a seeming love of fighting. The line of descent was through two other sturdy Puritans of soldierly character. Another great-grandfather on the maternal side was General Joseph Frye, the founder of Fryeburg, Maine.

Forty years ago opportunities for education were not as easily available as now, and the Greene homestead was not near any institution of learning more ambitious than a district school. Jacob L. Greene, however, resolved to have an education, and having fitted himself for college, was directed in his choice of an *alma mater* by the narrowness of his means. The Michigan University was a free college, and thither he went. After graduating he studied law, and commenced practice in Lapeer, Michigan. The outbreak of the war, however, called him away from his law office, and he enlisted as a private in the Seventh Michigan Cavalry. He was not long in rising from the ranks, and his career was a brilliant one in the army. He served with Custer, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Trevellyan Station in 1864. During his captivity he was in the Libby, Macon, and Charleston prisons, and in the last was, by order of the rebel officers, placed under the Union fire, together with other prisoners. He was afterward paroled, and securing an exchange, immediately rejoined General Custer, with whom he served till peace was declared.

Instead of taking up the law again, Colonel Greene became an agent for the Berkshire Life-insurance Company, settling in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where his brother lived. Within four years he was assistant secretary of the company he is now with, and in 1878 he became its president.

As to his attitude in business matters, Colonel Greene is perhaps best described by calling him a radical conservative. A clear, bold thinker, extremely studious, and with the full courage of his convictions, he is regarded as one of the leaders in the business of life-insurance, and his qualifications for his position are amply demonstrated by the remarkable progress of his company under his control. Imperious by nature and habit, he brooks no opposition to his plans from his subordinates, but, on the other hand, he wins their esteem and confidence by the soundness of his measures and his extreme judiciousness, as well as by the sterling worth of his personal character. His own declaration of the policy by which he guides his company is that he strives to eliminate all speculation from the business, and secure, not the largest volume of business, but the soundest and best results.

It was because of his judgment of tontine insurance that he made a tremendous fight against it a few years ago, when nearly all the other companies were incorporating it in their business. He denounced the tontine system as absolute, unqualified gambling, and would have none of it, declaring that it failed to afford that best protection to families which is the true aim of life-insurance. In other details of the business, also, he has been extreme in his conservatism, provoking criticism at times by his course, but always justifying his actions by their results.

Not only in his business, however, has Colonel Greene established his fame as an eminent man. In a city of solid citizens, and of liberal ideas joined with Puritan standards of morality, he has become a leader by reason of inherent forcefulness. He is a devout Christian and a vestryman in the famous Trinity Church, and is active in Church matters beyond the custom among men of large worldly affairs. In the Church Temperance Society he is known as a leader, and he is also a trustee of the Bishop's Fund. Moreover, he is active in various organizations, all of which have for their purposes the improvement of the condition of people. Among these is the Society for Savings, designed for the benefit of the very poorest. Among other institutions in which he is prominent are a trust company and various educational societies. He is a popular and eloquent speaker, and a polished, forcible writer. So highly esteemed is he by his fellow-townsmen for his eloquence that he has been unanimously chosen the orator of the day on more than one occasion of special commemoration, notably the memorial services which were held after the death of General Grant. At the dedication of the noble Memorial Arch erected in the Hartford Capitol Park to the memory of the soldiers and sailors of the Union, he was chosen chief marshal of the procession. In short, he is always called upon, on any occasion of public importance, to play a leading part, and is never delinquent.

A PROBLEM OF OVER-TAXATION.

The past week has not been marked by any important developments or unusual activity in the business world. The volume of railroad traffic is increasing satisfactorily, as is shown both by the statistics of gross earnings and of grain receipts at the principal centres, and by the more harmonious relations that are gradually being established between the Western and Southwestern trunk lines. The apprehensions aroused by the few heavy mercantile failures that occurred last month have pretty much died out, and as the affairs of the suspended concerns are sifted, it becomes clear that their misfortunes resulted from specific causes, such as bad management or extravagance, rather than from a general condition of trade. The crop reports are bearing out the promises they contained earlier in the season. Still, the weather has not been entirely favorable to harvesting in the Northwest, and continued damp and cool weather in a large area of the corn belt at a time when high temperature is desirable has resulted in a more critical survey of the agricultural situation. To-day's advices, however, are more encouraging, telling of hot, growing weather. The money markets, both domestic and foreign, continue upon about the same basis as last week. In London the price of money is sustained by the demands of improving trade, while at this centre fears of a stringent market a little later, rather than the needs of borrowers, enable lenders to exact better rates than they have obtained for a long time past. The fact that there is a plenty of money in sight for the purposes of to-day does not blind the business community to the unfortunate condition of our finances. The enormous accumulations of the Treasury Department have been a menace to the commercial welfare of the country every fall for a number of years past. There is a suggestion of perverseness in the way that the Treasury holds on to its hoard just when the distribution of a part of it is most needed.

It seems almost useless for representatives of the financial and commercial communities to urge upon the Treasury Department the adoption of some effective policy. Such efforts invariably provoke from demagogues the cry that any relief asked for by the banking interest is for the benefit of Wall Street, meaning, of course, the speculative element. Besides, politics enter into the consideration of the question in a way that it is impossible for a plain business man to understand. During Mr. Cleveland's administration it was asserted that the government surplus was nursed to large proportions for effect upon the discussion relative to the tariff. Now the theory is advanced in defence of the apparent indisposition of the Secretary of the Treasury to buy bonds to meet the requirements of the sinking fund that a syndicate of bond dealers have secured all of the bonds available for that purpose, and are holding them for a handsome profit. If such an operation has been undertaken, and influences the action of the Secretary, as claimed by his supporters, he has no excuse for standing at bay. He is the largest lender of money on pledge of United States bonds, for the deposits of public moneys in national banks are simply a loan secured by the very obligation that Mr. Windom wants to redeem. The money that should be disbursed in redeeming bonds is given to the speculators for nothing, so that, taking the friends of the administration on their own ground, they must admit that the Treasury, which is the only market for any amount of bonds, and it is the only one that the speculators are playing against, is furnishing, absolutely without cost, means that are being used effectively against it. This situation might be dealt with by paying the price that will secure the bonds, or, as has been suggested by some bankers, the speculative bonds might be crowded upon the market should the government charge interest, say at the rate of two per cent., upon its deposits with the banks.

This last advice seems to be of doubtful expediency, since in the present sensitive condition of the money market, and with lenders eager to utilize any pretext for advancing rates, a sharp advance in rates might follow, and the evil it is desirable to avert be precipitated. Moreover, some extremely careful observers of Wall Street affairs are very sceptical of current reports that a large amount of bonds has been accumulated in anticipation of the needs of the government and the probable necessities of the people. They argue with a good deal of plausibility that the real reason that bonds are not forth-coming for Treasury purposes is that the holders of United States bonds have been narrowed down to those who are compelled to hold them because of the legal restrictions upon the money invested in them, or who prefer to keep trust and similar funds in them rather than run the risk of changing into less impregnable investments. They claim that price is no object to such holders, hence no overture of the Treasury Department will bring them to market. In the opinion of the financiers referred to, the only way to supply the country with the money that belongs to it, and which it is pretty certain to need before the crop movement is over, is to increase the deposits of public moneys in the banks.

Beyond question the business of the country is restricted by uncertainty as to the course of the money market during the next sixty or ninety days. Wall Street reflects the hesitation, and is almost stagnant. The fact that the immediate supply of funds seems ample is no guarantee that later demands can be readily met. The people are entitled to all the relief the Treasury can afford, not after their business has been impaired by a stringent money market, but while a bountiful harvest stimulates activity in every branch of trade and in every industry, and invites the enterprising to expand their business and secure the larger profits that are rightfully theirs.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, *Friday, August* 16, 1889.

SELF-DEFENCE AGAINST A DANGEROUS FOE.

Forewarned is not forearmed in the case of those who incur the risk of an attack from that dangerous foe, malaria, unprovided with a means of defence. But if those in peril are aided, sustained, and reinforced with the great fortifying safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, miasma, prolific breeder of evils manifested in the shape of bilious remittent and chills and fever, ague cake, dumb ague, and the *calentura* of the Isthmus and Central American coast, is nullified and rendered harmless. Our Western pioneer settlers and miners, dwellers in tropic lowlands, and visitants of and dwellers in malarious localities in this country and many quarters of the globe, have for years been acquainted with the fact and are constantly provided with this unparalleled defensive medicine and remedy. All disorder of the stomach, liver, and bowels, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and rheumatism are conquered by it.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.-[*Adv.*]

A physician who has used Nicholson's Liquid Bread says: "I have seen a patient suffering from a chronic wasting disease gain as much as 20 pounds under its use in four months. It is an excellent appetizer and aid to digestion."—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

Ladies who have tried Cornell's Benzoin Cosmetic Soap will use no other.—[*Adv.*]

The fashionable ladies' corrective tonic is Angostura Bitters, the world renowned tonic.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

No medicine in the world is in better repute or more widely known than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. As a safe and certain remedy for all manner of blood disorders, leading physicians and druggists everywhere recommend it in preference to any other.—[*Adv.*]

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TERMINAL FACILITIES OF NEW YORK.

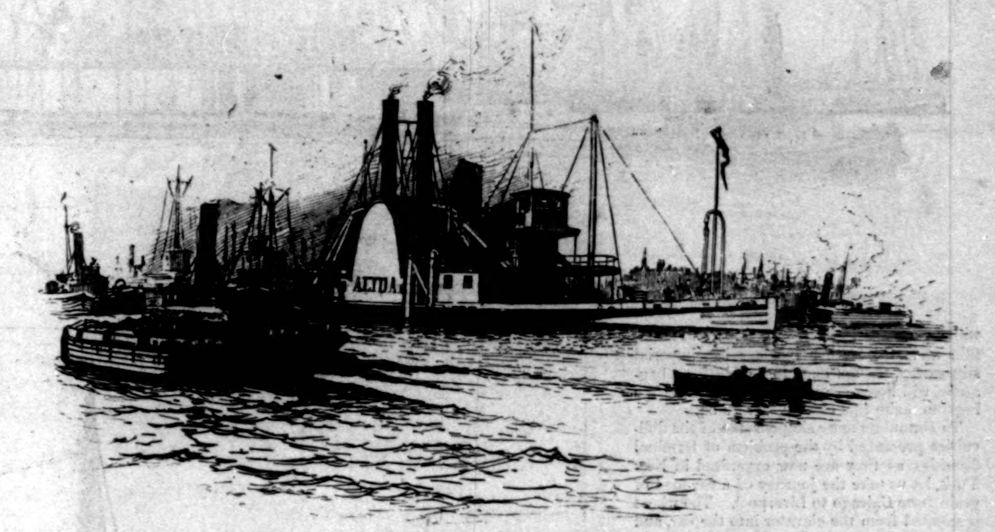
BY G. T. FERRIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.

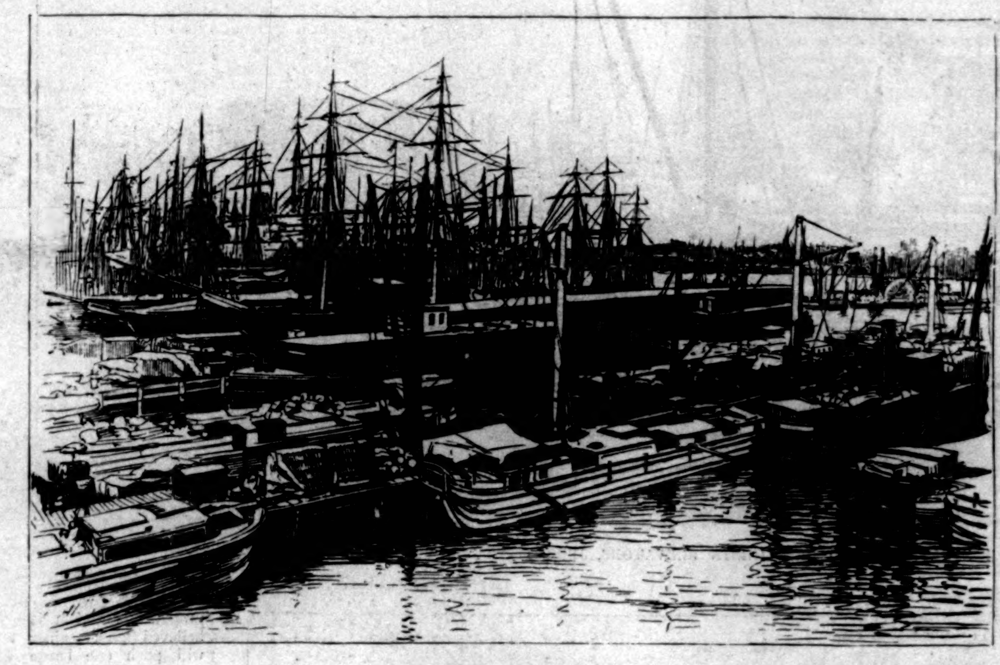
AMERICANS are sometimes chaffed by foreigners with their national predilection to "tall talk." There is a certain kind of truth in the sarcasm, for the habit of exaggerated expression is inherent in that sort of enthusiasm which takes fire from the possibilities of the future no less than from the achievements of the past. In fact, it is because the future promises such bigness of result, dwarfing even that of the past, that our self-estimate seems so inflated to the man of the Old World. Nearly every other nation of importance, except Russia, has already reached, if not passed, the zenith of its greatness, and can do but little more except to hold its own. On the other hand, great as the United States now is, its evolution, measuring by any well-defined historic standard, points to results so much grander that one is bewildered by the survey of probabilities. This is the key-note of Mr. Bryce's great book on *The American Commonwealth*, as it must be of every study which grasps intelligently the problems of our national existence.

What is true of the country is largely true of its most important centre, the city of New York. Its growth, perhaps, has not in the past been relatively greater—it may be, numerically speaking, less so—than that of such beehives as Chicago and San Francisco. But of this city, connected as it is so closely with North, South, East, and West by chains of land and water travel, bonds continually growing more close and varied, can it be said, as of no other American community, that each and every bit of growth in any part of the United States directly stimulates the bigness and importance of New York. The figures of business done at the port of New York will show at a glance the great relative importance of this city in the commercial system of the country:

Years.	Imports.	Percentage of total for the country.	Exports.	Percentage of total.
1885	$380,077,748	65.81	$344,514,761	46.42
1886	419,338,932	65.44	314,329,411	46.26
1887	456,698,631	65.92	316,347,219	44.17
1888	470,426,774	64.98	310,627,496	44.66



NORTH RIVER TOW-BOAT MAKING UP TOW IN EAST RIVER.



CANAL-BOAT DOCKS, EAST RIVER.

The forces of Nature which scooped out the hollow of the Hudson, and poured a magnificent arm of the ocean through the marshes of the tertiary period, sealed the destiny of the island lying at the junction of these two waterways. Freely as we talk of the noble site of the metropolis, which sits enthroned on Manhattan Island, and the adjacent communities which she has made parts of her own greatness, but few clearly grasp the unique features of topography marking the city and harbor of New York. A brief survey of these will be of interest, and perhaps clear the way for a more intelligent study of that most important problem, the terminal facilities of the port, where the products of the continent meet the tonnage of the world. We shall see that great as was the largesse of Nature, man has not yet fully done his part in utilizing her gifts for the fulness of commercial need.

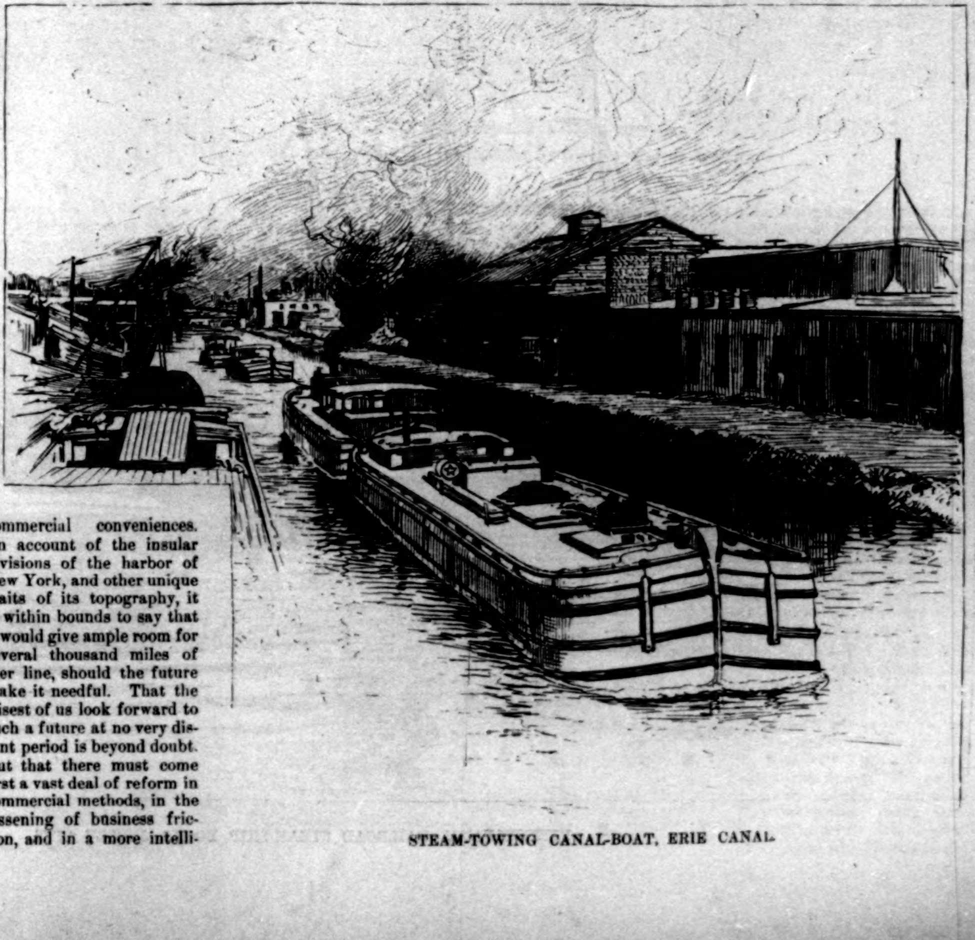
The harbor of New York is determined by three islands, Manhattan, Long, and Staten, and a small part of New Jersey. The upper bay, about seven miles long and about three miles in its greatest width, is a landlocked haven absolutely secure. At the Narrows it is about half a mile in width, and thence it broadens into the noble expanse of the lower bay. With Long Island on the east, separated from Manhattan by the East River, the throat of Long Island Sound, and New Jersey on the west across the Hudson River, and thence continuing to form one of the boundaries of the harbor, we have Staten Island on the south divided on the one side from Long Island by the Narrows, and on the other from New Jersey by the Kill van Kull and Arthur Kills. Both the kills connect directly with Newark Bay, constituting it a shallow estuary of the sea, capable of being made a roomy and important sub-harbor. The entire water front of Staten Island, and the shores of Newark Bay and of the kills, belong essentially to the harbor, and can be easily utilized for its needs, as indeed they are at the present moment to some extent. Improving these lesser waterways to floating even the heaviest tonnage is a simple engineering problem. The system of rivers, bays, and channels extending from the Raritan River in New Jersey to Yonkers on the Hudson, and from the Narrows to Fort Schuyler, where the East River enters the Sound about eight miles from New York, constitutes this great port, and the New York of the future will ultimately use this great expanse with its contiguous shores. No port in the world has such a magnificent and varied congeries of outlets and inlets, such extended possibilities of wharfage and dockage if intelligently treated. It is scarcely spread-eagleism to say that it could be made to give room to half the commerce of the world. Within a radius of eighteen miles from the Statue of Liberty on Bedlow's Island there are more than one hundred and fifty miles of water front so compactly and economically directed by its shore lines, so convenient for the most advantageous terminal facilities, that the equal of such opportunities is nowhere else to be found, not even in the great harbor of Sydney, New South Wales, which alone approaches the chief American sea-port in its commercial conveniences. On account of the insular divisions of the harbor of New York, and other unique traits of its topography, it is within bounds to say that it would give ample room for several thousand miles of pier line, should the future make it needful. That the wisest of us look forward to such a future at no very distant period is beyond doubt. But that there must come first a vast deal of reform in commercial methods, in the lessening of business friction, and in a more intelligent adaptation of the boundless gifts bestowed by Nature, is equally beyond doubt.

If the original boon granted in the topographical conditions of such a harbor was so great, we have found by some practical experience that the gift has the defect of its quality. The prosperity of New York is essentially in its foreign commerce as an importing and exporting centre, not in its manufactures, though she ranks first in the country in the latter respect. The most favorable adaptation of port facilities for foreign commerce is that which brings ship, car, and warehouse close together, and thus does away with friction and waste of energy at the joints, to wit, waste of time and money, which of course must be charged as an additional tax on the selling value of products. The island and river divisions which give us such an unequalled extent of wharfage line break up the integrity and continuity of business machinery. Most of the great trunk railroads terminate on the Jersey front. Thence their freight, for the most part, must be lightered for storage in Brooklyn, or for transfer to steam-ships, or to New York for immediate consumption. The increased tax which this imposes on grain, for example, becomes a serious drawback, though it has been so far a necessary evil, to our control of the export grain trade.

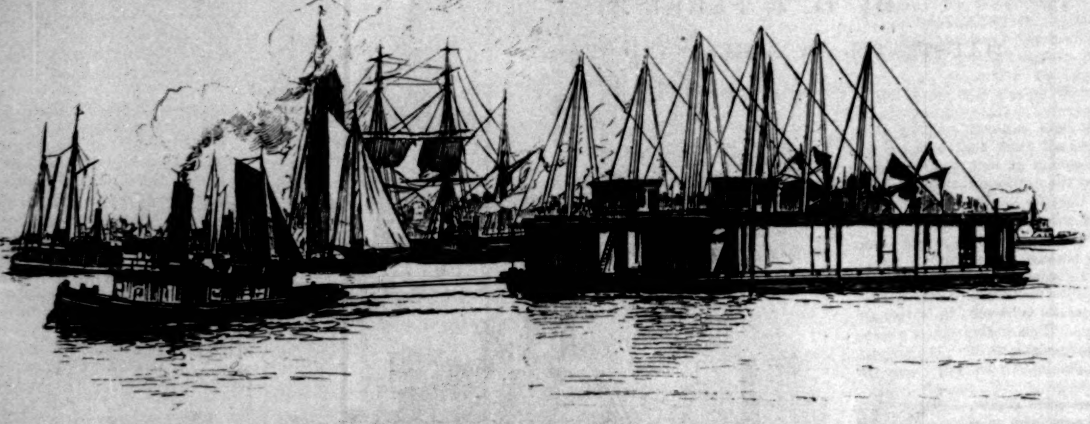
The commercial methods of New York have grown up higgledy-piggledy, without order or precision, except as the immediate need forces change to suit some imperative convenience. The *laissez-faire* principle, "let well enough alone," is good enough for the average man. The trading spirit, however essential to civilization, has its root in the deepest selfishness. "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," is the form which commercial energy generally runs to whether in the individual or in its corporate capacity as a company or a trust. Spencer's doctrine of egoism as the true basis of ethics finds here its best illustration, for it certainly has worked well in the long-run; and so we find men singing to themselves the soothing lullaby of Tennyson,

> "O! yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill."

The good will come, no doubt, for that curious alchemist, Time, has the power of transmuting gold out of base metals. But the process will be a costly one. To descend from metaphor to hard fact, many things



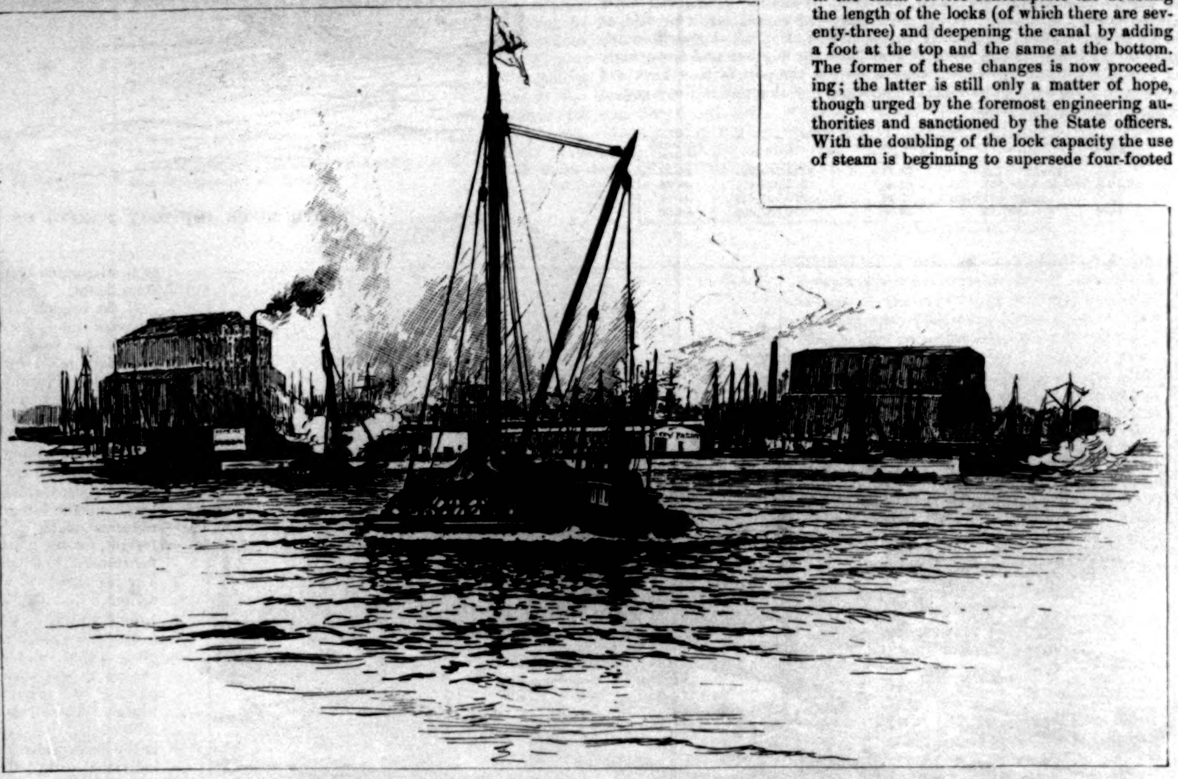
STEAM-TOWING CANAL-BOAT, ERIE CANAL.



TOW OF ICE-BARGES, NORTH RIVER.

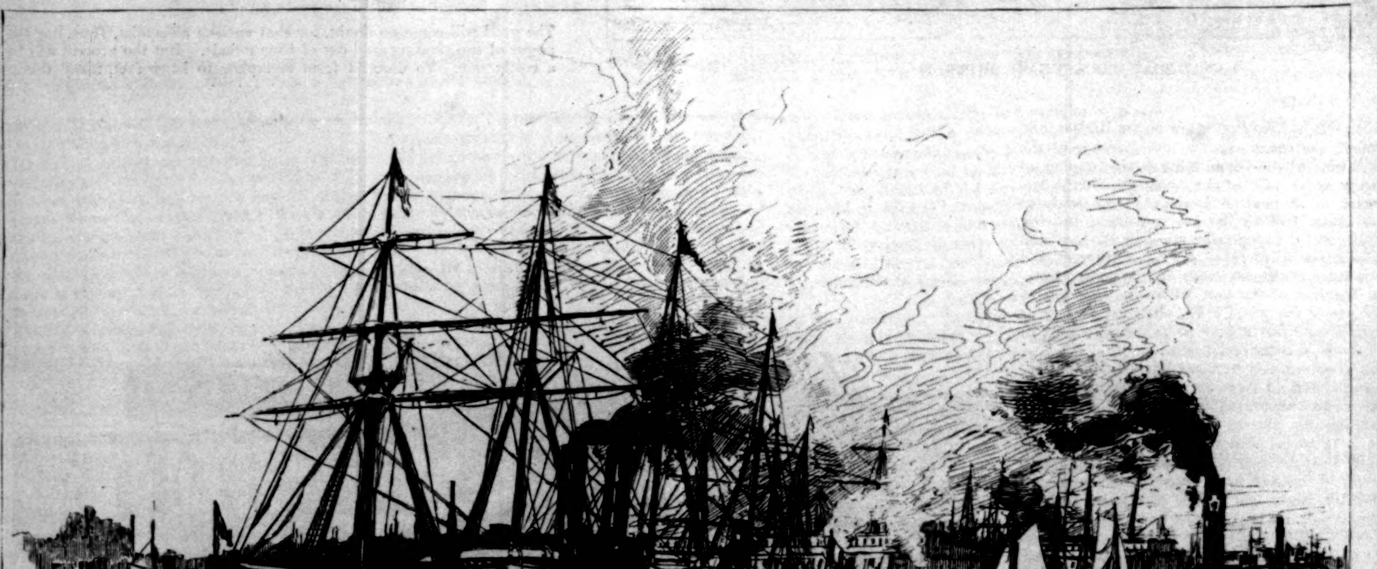
which New York will be forced to do to maintain and still further increase her imperial supremacy, though once to be had for a bagatelle, will hereafter take heart's blood. We hope to make this clearer further on.

To formulate more simply some of the difficulties presented by the problem of terminal facilities as they are now organized in New York, let us take the journey of a car-load of grain from Chicago to Liverpool. The wheat is spouted from the elevator into the car, and makes its thousand-mile trip to New York. Here it either is run into a lighter to be transferred to a Brooklyn elevator for storage, or goes into the railroad elevator at or near the point of arrival. When the time comes for shipment the grain is again spouted from the stationary elevator into a lighter, and with the assistance of a floating elevator placed in the hold of a European steamer. Here we have two or three items of elevator handling, two of lighterage, and one of storage between receipt and final shipment. Each of these steps adds materially to the cost of the wheat, and by so much acts against the advantage of New York as a place of commercial receipt or delivery. What is true of grain (the factor of the elevator being omitted) is largely true of all products, except the costly ones in small bulk either exported or imported at this point. This is owing to the divorce of the triple partners, receipt, storage, and shipment, *a vinculo matrimonii.* The key-note, then, of all permanent plans of improvement in our terminal facilities must be struck in the ideal of bringing together the car or canal-boat, the warehouse and the ship; or, if this be impossible, of shortening the distance both in point of time and expense which separates them as parts of a commercial transaction.



PENNSYLVANIA AND ERIE GRAIN ELEVATORS, JERSEY CITY—BARGE LIGHTER IN TOW.

Intelligent analysis begins with the domestic avenues of receipt, our public carriers, and, first of all, with the canal system. Whatever may be thought by some critics of the value of the Erie-Canal to-day (and there are those paradoxical enough to scoff at it), no one will question the statement that the city of New York owes its greatness to it more than to any other one fact. The Erie Canal practically extends the system of lake navigation down to salt-water. Its construction was chiefly owing to the genius and energy of Governor De Witt Clinton; and the same may be said of the Champlain Canal. But the former of these internal waterways of course surpasses all other works of the kind in length and importance. In fact, the Erie Canal may be said to have accomplished greater results than all others in the country combined. Constructed as a State work, it was a few years ago made free. During the time it exacted tolls it not only paid back to the State its cost of construction and all the expenses of its maintenance and various improvements, but a handsome interest on the investment besides. It has as feeders (several have been abandoned, perhaps prematurely) the Oswego, the Black River, and the Cayuga and Seneca canals. The canal floats about 2000 boats, each with a capacity of 8000 bushels of grain or a corresponding bulk of other products, and the round trip between Buffalo and New York consumes about a month. The improvements being made or to be made in the canal service contemplate the doubling the length of the locks (of which there are seventy-three) and deepening the canal by adding a foot at the top and the same at the bottom. The former of these changes is now proceeding; the latter is still only a matter of hope, though urged by the foremost engineering authorities and sanctioned by the State officers. With the doubling of the lock capacity the use of steam is beginning to supersede four-footed propulsion; and it is believed that a steamer will push one barge and drag two, carrying through about 25,000 bushels of grain, or proportionate equivalents. By this system it is asserted that there will be a gain over the old methods of twenty-five per cent. increase in speed, the same percentage in decrease of expense, besides a greatly increased capacity of load. This larger profit to the canal boatman promises to restore some measure of the old prosperity to the canal interests. Yet the pessimists insist that the only way to save the canal ultimately is to take the bull by the horns boldly, and assume the expense of deepening and widening to the capacity for ship navigation, as Canada has done with the Welland and St. Lawrence canals. The immense railway interest which finds its eastern outlet in New York is naturally inimical to the Erie Canal, and works as far as possible against it. Allied with this enormous power—a power which is to-day the ruling element in the country in spite of the recent legislation which puts a curb on its full license of action—are the local storage and transportation interests, the warehouse,

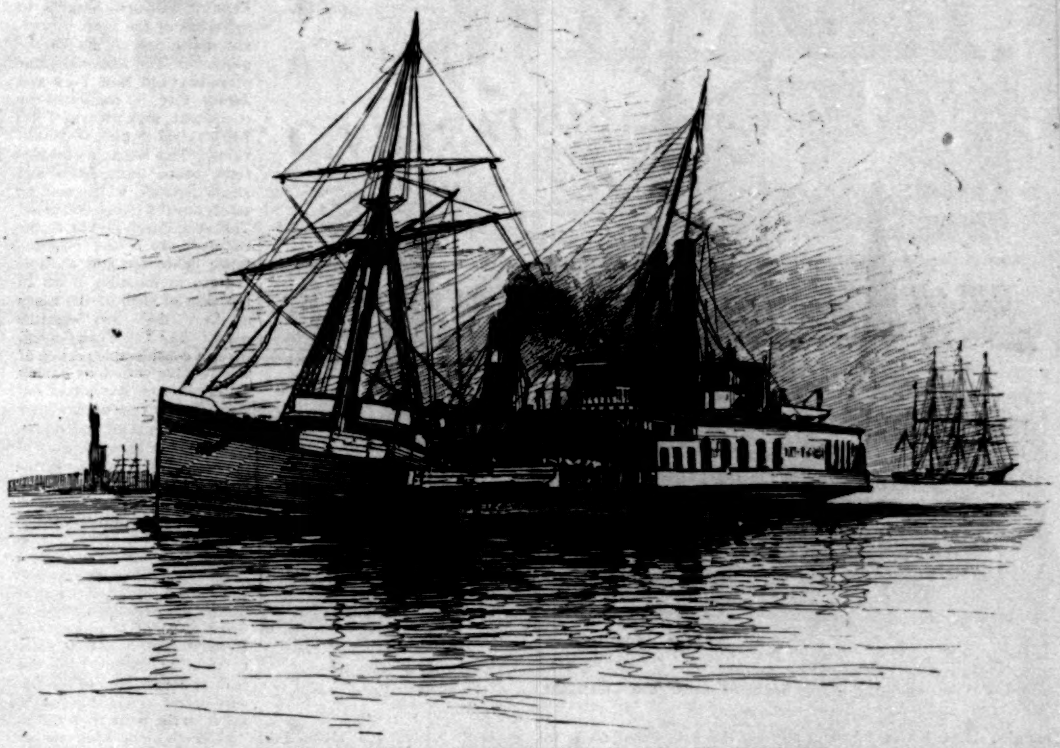


PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STEAM-SHIP DOCKS, JERSEY CITY.

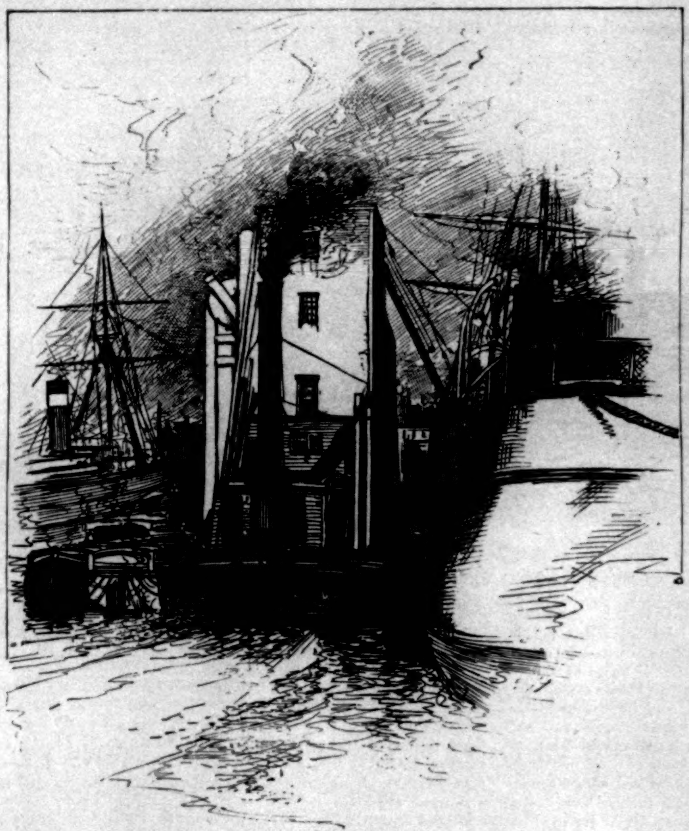
lighterage, and elevator concerns, in which an amount of capital is invested little, if any, less than that sunk in the combined terminal plants of the great trunk lines.

That this passive hostility, sometimes taking the form of fierce aggression, should exist is in no wise strange when we come to study the general conditions of the problem. It is logical that each interest should, without looking to the advantage of the whole, push its own way relentlessly; or, to put the case more accurately, should easily persuade itself that its advantage benefits the whole, rising to the height of that magnificent arrogance which spoke through the mouth of Louis XIV.—"*l'état, c'est moi.*" Human selfishness never scrutinizes very critically the insufficiency of facts which seem to bear in its own favor. But while the inimical attitude of railways is inevitable, it is not quite so clear at first glance why the business machinery of the port, which takes care of storage, distribution, and the loading and unloading of ships, should be hostile. A very little study will enlighten us.

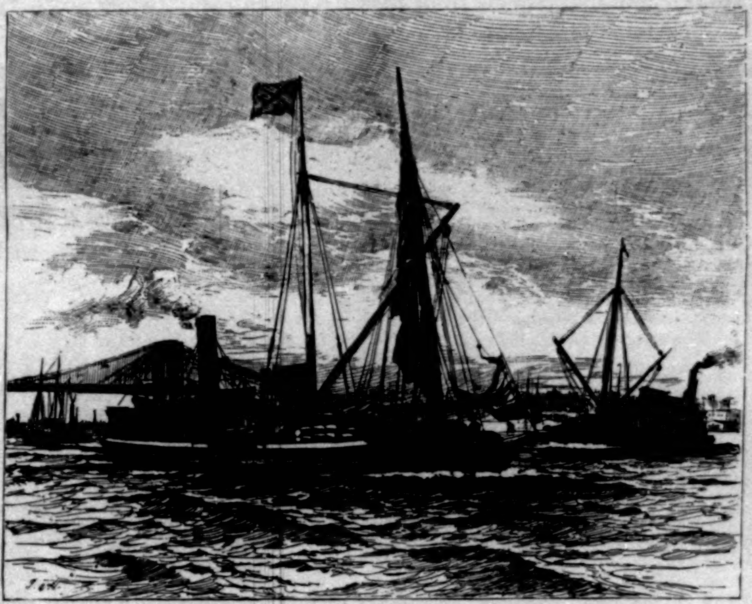
In the first place, the canal-boat in great measure does its own lighterage and storing. Again, the inducements which stimulate the enterprise of the boatman are deadened by heavy tolls at the elevator, which stands, in his estimation, at the very gateway of commerce, like the castles of the robber-barons of the Middle Ages, to which the fat and peaceful burghers had to pay tribute. The canal-boat must lie idle for five months, and to earn the interest on its capital must be subjected to the minimum of charges. The boating interest has made a stubborn fight against the elevators; and a bill passed the Legislature about a year ago reducing the tax nearly fifty per cent. at Buffalo, Brooklyn, and New York. It is urged by the opposing party that this bill is unconstitutional, though this view is contrary to a decision of the United States Supreme Court, which declares that the elevator business is an essential part of the "common carrier" system, and therefore within the jurisdiction of State legislation. The contest between the canal men and the elevator trust rests on these conflicting claims: The former assert that a bushel of grain can be handled at the elevator for from one-eighth to a quarter of a cent per bushel, while the actual charge prior to the passage of the McEvoy bill, which reduced it to five-eighths, was one and an eighth of a cent per bushel. The charges at Buffalo and New York by the elevator interest would thus impose a tax on the grain commerce of $22.50 per thousand bushels, or $180 on a single boat cargo. The contention was made that this was a rapacious and murderous tribute, destructive of the commerce of the port; and the evidence of the most prominent representative of the elevator interest before the Legislature in 1881 was adduced that an overcharge of one-eighth of a cent would turn away business from the Erie Canal. Even the present local rate of five-eighths is stigmatized as overcharge.



LOADING CATTLE FROM OLD FERRY-BOAT TO "TRAMP" STEAM-SHIP.



LOADING STEAMER BY FLOATING ELEVATOR.

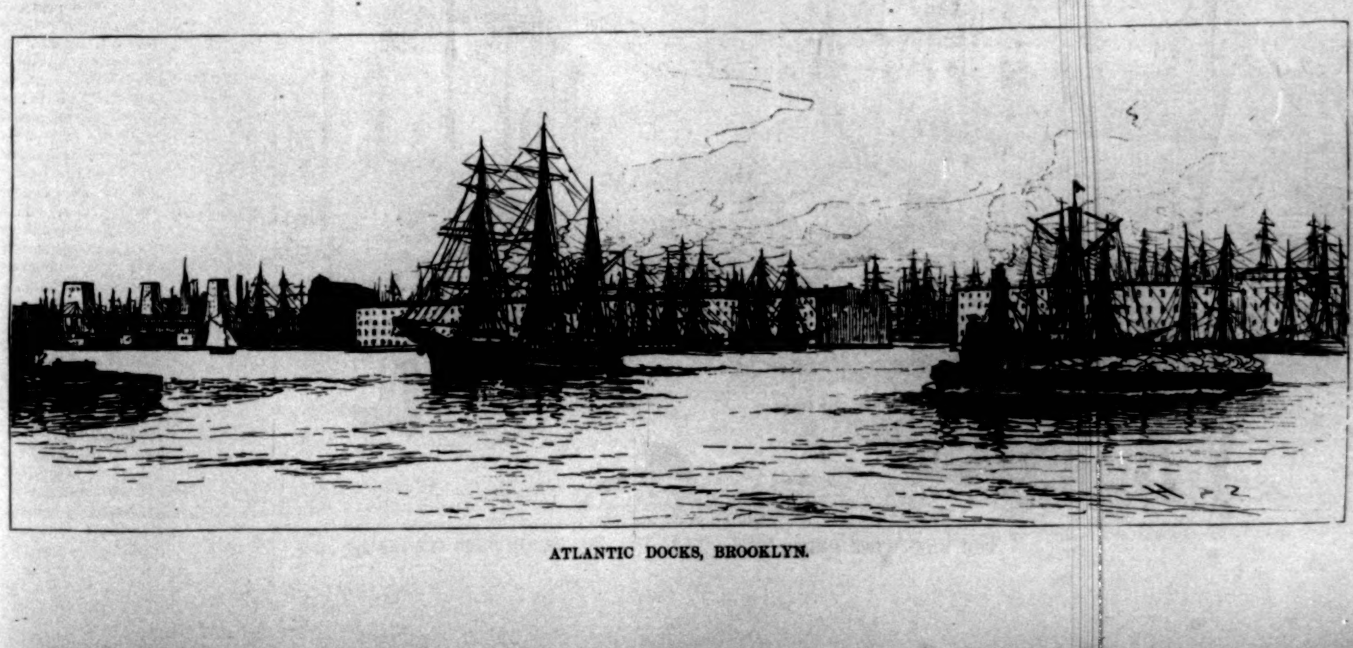


STEAM LIGHTER TOWING SAILING LIGHTER.

Per contra, the Brooklyn Elevator Trust, if it is proper to use this much-abused title, which controls all the grain transfer business of the port, aside from the railroad elevators, urge a fallacy in the foregoing argument. The enormously expensive elevator plant at this port is built on sites much more expensive than in most other cities. The grain trade is so full of fluctuations and surprises, that extreme pressure of business comes without warning, and the absolute lull as suddenly. These tides are lawless. Yet the elevator must keep its forces fully equipped, business or no business, to meet any emergency which may come. Therefore, it is asserted, the nominal unit of cost represents but a very small fraction of the expenses of the elevator business. It is but just to say that both the Produce Exchange and the Chamber of Commerce have, by the reports of their committees, indorsed the claims of the elevator interest. While the contention of the canal men appears to be in large measure well grounded, it would be presumption in the writer to express any *ex cathedra* judgment. It is germane, however, to note that elevator charges are materially less at other competing points; and the fact gravely stares us in the face that more than its rightful moiety of the golden harvests of the Northwest has been lately diverted to New Orleans, to Baltimore, to Philadelphia, to Boston, or to Quebec as the place of exit for foreign conveyance. It is authoritatively stated that much of the grain involved in the option dealings on the New York Produce Exchange never sees this port.

In spite of the tremendous competition of railroads, and the fact that these corporations save a heavy terminal tax by running their own elevators and doing a large measure of their own lighterage, canal transportation holds its own gallantly. The receipts of grain during the seven months of open navigation for 1888 are given on our next page.

It will be seen from these statistics that the canal in seven months conveyed only a little less than one-half of the aggregate receipts of grain at New York. The fact that during this period the relative receipts at competing ports were very much less, as compared with the ice-bound



ATLANTIC DOCKS, BROOKLYN.